

ESSENTIAL STUDIES IN ENGLISH

LANGUAGE

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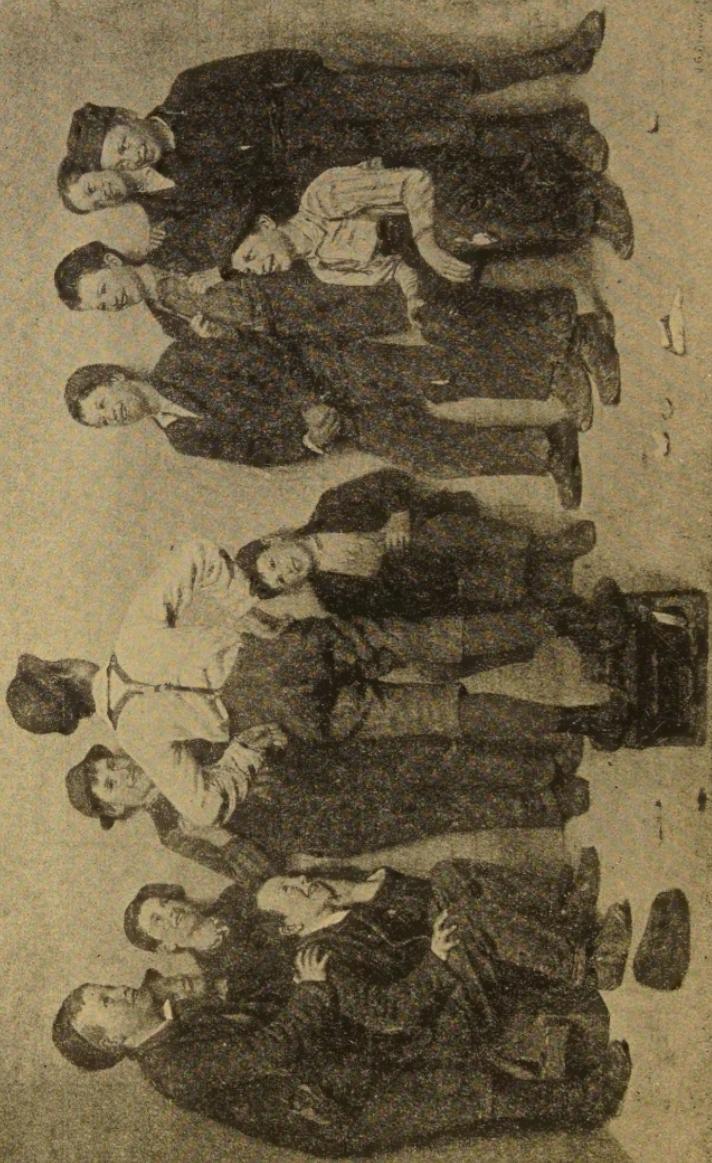
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THE STUMP SPEECH



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ESSENTIAL STUDIES IN ENGLISH

BOOK ONE

LANGUAGE

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PREFACE

The evolution of text-books in language for the intermediate grades has been rapid. In spite of the conservative tendencies of educators, nearly all of the language books published more than ten years ago have been discarded. Many published since have never been accepted. The reason is that superintendents and teachers have been looking for a book more in harmony with recognized principles of the development of the art of language. One text after another has been tried without any evident improvement in the language power of the children.

Progressive superintendents and teachers want a language book that appeals more largely to the experience of the children; that places the emphasis upon freedom and spontaneity in expression; that supplies an abundance of appropriate selections from the best literature for "studies," for the same reasons that students of drawing and painting are supplied with "studies;" that shows how art, science, biography, and history should be used to promote growth in language power; that instead of making the mechanics of written composition the dominant feature of the work, throws such matters as abbreviations, contractions, punctuation, and capitalization into proper perspective; that provides for abundant practice in the use of oral and written composition under conditions

favorable to the development of facility, clearness, force, and grace in the use of language.

It is the purpose of this book to supply this want.

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The Authors.

SUGGESTIONS

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES

The basal condition of all development in language power is the child's experience: primarily his direct, immediate, first-hand experience in seeing, hearing, handling, doing, thinking, and feeling, and his practice in the use of language; secondarily, his more or less indirect, mediated experience through hearing and reading language.

The chief means of growth in language power is imitation. This implies two factors:

First, there must be *impression* from good models; what the child hears and reads. The depth of the impressions depends largely upon the intensity of the interest that accompanies the experience, and the frequency of repetition under the influence of alert, active interest.

Second, there must be abundant practice in the use of language, under the influence of good models, and of guidance and criticism wisely adapted to the needs of the learner.

It is a matter of common observation that children who continually hear their mother tongue well used, and who read intensively a few good authors, usually attain facility in the use of good language. What such children hear, and what they read, become indeed models in their thinking and feeling. Quite unconsciously they learn to appreciate, to imitate, and to habitually use good language.

GENERAL METHOD

In accordance with the foregoing fundamental principles it is the plan of this book to appeal as much as possible to the actual experiences of the children; to utilize and enlarge those experiences.

Not only from the thought side, but from the point of view of language training as well, it is the business of the schools to promote the multiplication and clarification of ideas and images, the enlarging of conceptions, and the free play of right thinking and feeling. But, it is now generally conceded that growth in both thought and feeling is conditioned by growth in the power of expression. Thought and expression are co-operating processes so that training in one must involve training in the other.

Next to the experiences of the children, the dominant factor in the growth of the language faculty is *imitation*, but imitation can only become effective through abundant opportunity for practice, which should be as spontaneous as possible. To insure genuine spontaneity, there must be but little adverse criticism. Few children are proof against the repressing influence of much criticism of their expression. Those who withstand it are likely to become priggish. In the main, adverse criticism should be made as impersonal as possible, so that no individual may feel its discouraging influence.

There is a prevailing tendency to emphasize written composition at the expense of oral training. This is a great mistake, especially in the lower grades. It is impossible in a text-book to indicate the relative proportions of time to be devoted

to oral and written work, but where conditions permit, the authors recommend much oral work in the fourth grade, and that the proportions change only gradually throughout the course. Very generally the written lesson should be preceded by an oral lesson.

LITERATURE AND COMPOSITION

The book furnishes a large amount of the best literature of a varied character; selections that are known to appeal to the normal healthy interests of children. The purpose of this is primarily to supply favorable language *impression*. To get the full benefit of this material, the children should study it intensively as literature; should read it aloud; if the interest can be maintained, should study it to the point of saturation.

These suggestions apply with special force to the poetical selections, because poetry represents the highest product of the art of language. It is not intended that these selections shall be considered models in the sense that the children are expected to write poetry; but saturation with poetical language has an excellent formative influence, because generally the words are short, forceful, and aptly chosen. Moreover, the rhythm appeals to and especially impresses children.

The best way to get the full language benefit of a piece of literature is to memorize it, but this should always be preceded by careful study for interpretation of the thought and feeling of the selection.

ART AND COMPOSITION

Good pictures in a language book serve a fourfold purpose. As subjects of study they enlarge the experience of the chil-

dren along lines too commonly neglected; they awaken interests that are likely to live and grow throughout life; they stimulate a wholesome desire for expression; besides they add much to the general interest and attractiveness of the book. Pictures always represent a normal interest in life, especially of child-life, and a normal interest should be encouraged and guided.

How to use the pictures can only very imperfectly be set forth in the text. Much depends upon the teacher; but it is hoped that the study of the pictures will to some extent promote a knowledge of and feeling for art.

THE STUDY OF TROUBLESOME WORDS AND IDIOMS

As a people we have no real ground for pride in our use of our language. Some do not know the right use of words and the right construction of sentences; others are indifferent, so long as they can make themselves understood. The schools have seemed powerless against these two conditions.

This series of books attacks the problem of securing correct use of idiomatic English in a new way:

First, there is a series of studies in which the correct form of many troublesome sentences is given, to be read aloud again and again so that both ear and vocal organs become accustomed to the correct form. This kind of work cannot be done too early. Pupils should mark for special study the sentences that trouble them.

Second, a series of studies is provided in which the children must choose the right word from two or more. This is more interesting because it involves discriminating thought, and at

this stage more valuable than the first line of work, because it *focuses* attention upon the right usage. Wherever possible the basis of selection should be carefully developed. In some cases it is a difference in the meaning of words, as in *lie* and *lay*, *sit* and *set*, *love* and *like*. In certain elliptical sentences supplying the omitted words will be found a sufficient criterion; as, *James is taller than (him, he)*. With no knowledge of formal grammar most children in fifth or sixth grade can be led to complete the sentence, *James is taller than (him, he) is tall*, and right choice is inevitable. On the other hand the simplest basis of choice may be found in omitting certain words. Take for example, *Father has sent for Mary and (I, me.)* The test for young children is dropping out *Mary and*. Any child will say, *Father has sent for me.*

If possible some such basis of choice as has been indicated should be developed, so that the children do not merely guess or rely upon previous impressions.

Third, in Book Two, pupils are required not only to discriminate between right and wrong words or forms of expression, but to give a reason for their choice; and they are referred to the grammatical principle involved.

Fourth and finally, some examples of incorrect, ambiguous, and inappropriate expressions are given for criticism and revision. This is the final stage in developing in the young students the ability to test the correctness of their own composition.

LETTER WRITING

It will be observed that this book emphasizes letter writing from the first. For this there are two reasons. First, the early language impulse is communicative. The child does not

simply want to talk about something or write about something. He wants to tell somebody something. True, he would rather talk than write, and that fact must be recognized especially in the early stages, but the impulse to communicate should be utilized to train in written expression. Second, unless a fair degree of facility in letter writing is developed before the child reaches the upper grades, he will likely be over-sensitive to the formal technique, and will fail in spontaneity and freedom.

The model letters given for study have been selected especially with a view to stimulating an easy, free, happy, cordial, even playful, attitude. If this can be secured the letter writing will be found enjoyable. To make the letter writing real, pupils should be sometimes allowed to use the composition period for writing actual letters to their friends, the letters to be sealed and mailed without inspection by the teacher, unless the children want advice and help.

THE MECHANICAL ELEMENTS IN WRITTEN COMPOSITION

It should be remembered that language does not consist of such matters as punctuation, capitalization, and abbreviations. These things are mere conveniences in writing or printing. Sometimes they may be of great importance in determining the meaning of sentences, but still they are only convenient little signs. Moreover, they are not most readily learned by rules and specially devised exercises. While a few such exercises are given they are assigned a distinctly subordinate place, because it has been found that the essentials of such things become thoroughly usable only by careful observation of models and by application in dictation and ordinary practice.

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WHAT MOTHER HAS BROUGHT.—*Meyer von Bremen.*

PART ONE

STUDY 1

A Conversation Lesson

WHAT MOTHER HAS BROUGHT

1. Study the picture on the opposite page.
2. What do you think Mother has brought?
3. Why is the cloth over the cage?
4. What do the children's faces tell you?
5. Tell all you can about how you think the children feel.
6. What is unusual about the room and furniture?
7. What have the children been doing while Mother was away?
8. Give the conversation of the children regarding "what Mother has brought."
9. Who painted the picture? What was the feeling of the artist toward children?

Tell or write the story the picture tells you; or, the story of some surprise you have had when Mother or Father came home.

STUDY 2

Literature and Composition

SEPTEMBER

The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusky pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With golden butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

1. What September flowers and fruits are mentioned in the poem?
2. Explain the meaning of *bluest*, *dusky*, *flaunt*, *nook*, *flutter*, *tokens*, *cheer*. Can you think of another word that can be used just as well as each of these?
3. How many of the things mentioned as belonging to September have you observed?

Memorize so much of the poem as your teacher directs.

STUDY 3

Literature and Composition

CLYTIE

Clytie was a beautiful water nymph, tall and slender, with soft dark eyes and golden hair. She loved the glorious sun-god Apollo. Day after day, from morning until evening, she stood upon the shore of a beautiful lake and gazed upon the face of the god as he rode through the heavens in his shining golden chariot, turning her face slowly as he passed from east to west.

Apollo loved the gentle Clytie and used to look down upon her and warm her heart with his smile, but he could not come to her, for he must guide his fiery horses through the sky.

At length the maiden grew wan and thin and was slowly wasting away. Apollo in pity decided to change her into a flower which could stand all day and gaze upon him without suffering. So her feet

became roots, growing fast in the ground; her slender body was changed into a long, slender stem; her eyes became the center of the flower; and her yellow curls, a fringe of golden petals.

1. What kind of story is this?
 2. What flower is referred to in this story?
 3. How do you think it got its name?
 4. If you have never observed this flower try to find one growing, and notice it at different times on a sunny day. Which way does it always face?
 5. Bring the flower to school and paint a picture of it.
- Tell this myth of the origin of the sunflower.

STUDY 4

Memory Quotation

THE SWEET PEA

Sweet Pea put on her prettiest hood
And climbed the garden wall;
'Twas a narrow ledge where the darling stood,
And I feared that she might fall.
But she danced with the butterfly,
Bowed to the bee,
And never even noticed me,
The pretty, pinky, saucy Pea.

Study, memorize, and write from dictation.

STUDY 5**The Sentence**

1. Birds fly south.
2. Leaves are turning brown.
3. Are the grapes ripe?
4. The weather is pleasant.
5. Shall you go to the fair?
6. Oh, see how the wind blows!

Which of these groups of words make statements? Which ask questions? Find each group that expresses something thought of. What is the thought in the first? In the second? In the third? In the sixth?

A group of words that expresses a thought is a sentence.

With what kind of letter does each sentence begin? Make a rule for this use of capital letters.

What mark is used at the close of each statement? At the close of each question? At the close of the exclamation?

Make rules for the use of these marks.

STUDY 6**Letter Writing****A MODEL LETTER**

Venice, Italy,
August 13, 1882.

Dear Gertie:

When the little children in Venice want to take a bath, they just go down to the front steps of the house and jump off and swim about in the street. Yesterday I saw a nurse standing on the front steps, holding

one end of a string, and the other end was tied to a little fellow who was swimming up the street. I met another youngster, swimming in the street, whose mother had tied him to a post by the side of the door, so that when he tried to swim away to see another boy who was tied to another door-post up the street, he couldn't, and they had to sing out to each other over the water. Is not this a queer city?

Tell Susie I did not see the queen this time. She was out of town. But ever so many noblemen and princes have sent to know how Toody was, and how she looked, and I have sent them all her love.

Pretty soon now you will go back to Boston. Do go into my house when you get there and see if the doll and her baby are well and happy, but do not carry them off; and make the music-box play a tune, and remember,

Your affectionate uncle,

(Adapted.)

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Read this letter several times, and find as many reasons as you can why it seems to you a good letter.

A LETTER FROM A CAT

Amherst, Mass.,
May 3, 1880.

My dear Helen:

I do wish that you and your father would turn around directly, wherever you are when you get this letter, and come home as fast as you can. If you do not come soon there will be no home left

for you to come into. I am so frightened and excited that my paws tremble, and I have upset the ink twice, and spilled so much that there is only a little left in the bottom of the cup, and it is as thick as hasty pudding; so you must excuse the looks of this letter, and I will tell you as quickly as I can about the dreadful state of things here.

Not more than an hour after I finished my letter to you yesterday, I heard a great noise in the parlor, and ran in to see what was the matter. There was Mary with her worst blue handkerchief tied over her head, her washing-day gown on, and a big hammer in her hand. As soon as she saw me, she said, "There's that cat! always in my way," and threw a cricket at me, and then shut the parlor door with a great slam. So I ran out and listened under the front windows, for I felt sure she was in some bad business she did not want to have known.

Such a noise I never heard; all the things were being moved; and in a few moments, what do you think? out came the whole carpet right on my head! I was nearly stifled with dust, and felt as if every bone in my body were broken, but I managed to creep out from under it, and heard Mary say, "If there isn't that torment of a cat again! I wish to goodness Helen had taken her along!" Then I felt surer than ever that some mischief was on foot; and I ran out into the garden, climbed up the old apple-tree at the foot of the steps, and crawled out on a branch, from

which I could look directly into the parlor windows. Oh! my dear Helen, you can fancy how I felt, to see all the chairs and tables and book-shelves in a pile in the middle of the floor, the books all packed in big baskets, and Mary taking out window after window as fast as she could.

I forgot to tell you that your mother went away last night. I think she has gone to Hadley to make a visit, and it looks to me very much as if Mary means to run away with everything which can be moved, before she comes back.

I have just been across the street, and talked it all over with the Judge's cat, but she is very old and stupid, and so taken up with her six kittens (who are the ugliest I ever saw), that she does not take the least interest in her neighbors' affairs.

Mrs. Hitchcock walked by the house this morning, and I ran out to her, and took her dress in my teeth, and pulled it, and did all I could to make her come in; but she said, "No, no, Pussy, I'm not coming in to-day; your mistress is not at home." I declare I could have cried. I sat down in the middle of the path, and did not stir for half an hour.

Do come home as soon as possible.

Your affectionate cat,

PUSSY.

LETTERS FROM A CAT—H. H.

How do you like this letter? Give as many reasons as you can for your answer.

STUDY 7**Letter Writing**

Refer to the letters in Study 6. Where and when was each written? The part of a letter that shows where and when it was written is called the *heading*.

In the first Mr. Brooks begins with *Dear Gertie*. This is called the *salutation*. What is the salutation in the second letter?

Then follows the letter itself, or the *body of the letter*; the *complimentary close*, in the first, *Your affectionate uncle*; and the *signature*, *Phillips Brooks*. Find the complimentary close and the signature of the second letter.

Notice the punctuation of the heading, the salutation, and the complimentary close.

Write a letter to your brother who is away from home. Be sure to tell him of the things in which he is most interested. Try to write just as though you were talking to him.

STUDY 8**Abbreviations of the Names of the Months**

Prepare to write from dictation:

Jan.	for January	Sept.	for September
Feb.	for February	Oct.	for October
Mar.	for March	Nov.	for November
Apr.	for April	Dec.	for December
Aug.	for August		

Sometimes in writing, words are shortened, or abbreviated. What follows each abbreviation? Where are capital letters used? Make rules for this use of the period and capital letters.

May, June, and July should not be abbreviated, and it is better to write March and April in full.

STUDY 9

Literature and Composition

THE DAISY



AMONG THE DAISIES *From a Photograph.*

The brier-rose shines in beauty rare,
With sweetest fragrance fills the air;

But her stem is guarded by points of steel,—
You deftly pluck, or her watch-care feel.

The violet thrives in shady nook,
In old time wood, or by gentle brook;
As if too modest her eye of blue
For any but those of her lover true.

But the daisy, my child, you'll ever find
A blossom of more generous kind;
She flocks the highways, and crowds the lea,
And shouts, "O children, come play with me!"

1. Prepare to write this poem from dictation.
2. Select the words that are unfamiliar to you, and make sure that you know their meaning.
3. What parts of the poem do you like best?
4. Notice with what kind of letter each line of poetry begins. Make a rule for this use of capital letters.

Study the poem until you know it.

STUDY 10

Writing Dates

Write the following dates from dictation, using abbreviations for names of the months:

1. January 1, 1907.
2. April 19, 1775.
3. July 4, 1776.
4. December 25, 1870.
5. February 2, 1902.

6. September 15, 1898.
7. October 27, 1900.
8. The date of next Thanksgiving day.
9. The date of your next birthday.
10. Memorial day.

STUDY 11

Literature and Composition

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

A hare once made fun of a tortoise.

"What a slow way you have!" he said. "How you creep along!"

"Do I?" said the tortoise. "Try a race with me, and I will beat you."

"You only say that for fun," said the hare. "But come! I will race with you. Who will mark off the bounds and give the prize?"

"Let us ask the fox," said the tortoise.

The fox was very wise and fair; so he showed them where they were to start, and how far they were to run.

The tortoise lost no time. She started at once, and jogged straight on.

The hare knew he could come to the end in a few minutes; so he lay down and took a nap first. By and by he woke, and then ran fast; but when he came to the end, the tortoise was already there!

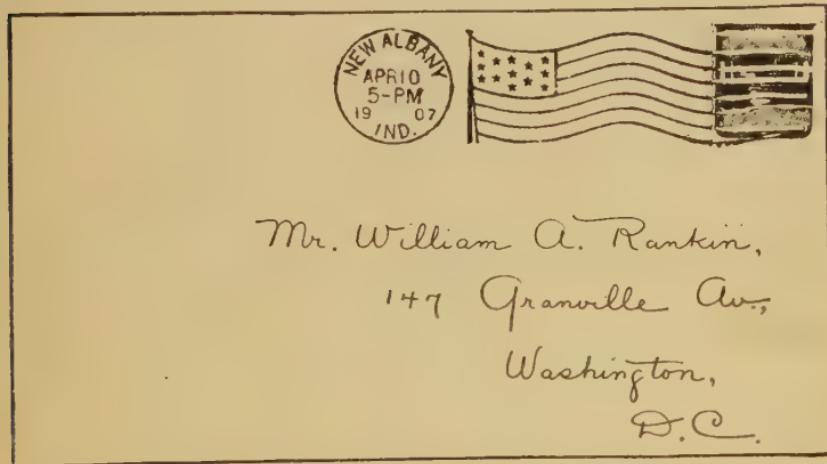
Tell the story of the hare and the tortoise.

Make an original story that teaches the same lesson.

STUDY 12**Letter Writing**

ADDRESSING ENVELOPES

Notice that the address is written on the lower half of the envelope and somewhat to the right. This arrangement leaves room at the top for the stamp and postmark, and at the left for change of address in case the letter has to be forwarded.



Cut papers the size and shape of envelopes, and address them to the following named persons:

Mrs. Jane MacGregor, 5830 Monroe Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. John Hancock, 562 F St., Washington, D. C.

Miss Gertrude Anderson, Oakland, Iowa.

Mr. Alan Phillips, Hickory St., Salem, Missouri.

The Misses Brooks, 10 McMahon Avenue, Paris, France.

A grocer; a book-seller; a neighbor; your school superintendent.

STUDY 13

Letter Writing

TO A FORMER PLAYMATE

Your playmate who lived near you has moved away. Write a letter to him. Tell him of the fun you and the other children are having, and of any other matters of interest to him.

This might be done by the class working together.

STUDY 14

Telling a Story

Tell the story you liked best of those you read in school either this term or last.

STUDY 15

Literature and Composition

NELL AND HER BIRD

Good-bye, little birdie!
Fly to the sky,
Singing and singing
A merry good-bye.

Tell all the birdies
Flying above,
Nell, in the garden,
Sends them her love.

Tell how I found you,
 Hurt, in a tree;
Then, when they're wounded
 They'll come right to me.

I'd like to go with you
 If I could fly;
It must be so beautiful
 Up in the sky!

Why, little birdie!
 Why don't you go?
You sit on my finger,
 And shake your head, "No."

He's off! O how quickly
 And gladly he rose!
I know he will love me
 Wherever he goes.

I know—for he really
 Seemed trying to say,
"My dear little Nelly,
 I can't go away."

But just then some birdies
 Came flying along
And sang, as they neared us,
 A chirruping song.

And he felt just as I do
 When girls come and shout
 Right under the window
 "Come, Nelly! Come out!"

It's wrong to be sorry;
 I ought to be glad;
 But he's the best birdie
 That ever I had.

—MARY MAPES DODGE.

Read the poem and think about its story until you can see little Nell, the bird cage, the bird, and its departure.

What kind of girl do you think Nell is? Why do you think so? Why should the bird love her? Do neighbors and playmates love her? Why?

Tell the story of some animal you have cared for, or in your own way tell this story of the girl and the bird.

STUDY 16

Writing Abbreviations

Observe the use of capitals and of periods. Prepare to write from dictation:

Sun.	for Sunday	Sat.	for Saturday
Mon.	for Monday	St.	for Street
Tues.	for Tuesday	Av.	for Avenue
Wed.	for Wednesday	Mr.	for Mister
Thurs.	for Thursday	Mrs.	for Mistress
Fri.	for Friday	Dr.	for Doctor

STUDY 17

Art and Composition



Geoffroy.

A PRIMARY SCHOOL IN BRITTANY

Notice the desks in this schoolroom. Compare them with your desk. Do you think these windows let in as much light as those in your room?

Study the dress of the little girls. Why do you think they wear such shoes? What are the children doing? Is any one playing or wasting study-time?

Study their faces. What kind of children do you think they are? Do they like to go to school? What makes you think so?

Notice the teacher's dress and chair. See what a kind face she has.

Who painted this picture? Do you think he was in sympathy with the school? Why?

Tell a story suggested by the picture.

STUDY 18

Troublesome Sentences

Read these sentences aloud over and over so that you become used to saying and hearing the right form:

1. James isn't here.
2. There are no trees on the lawn.
3. Mary doesn't go to school now.
4. Aren't you ready?
5. Why doesn't he come?
6. Aren't those problems hard?
7. No, they aren't very hard.
8. There aren't many books left.
9. Why doesn't William succeed?
10. He doesn't work regularly.

STUDY 19

Literature and Composition

A BRAVE MOTHER

Early in May a pair of robins began to build a nest in an old tree on our front lawn. Soon the framework of sticks and grass was finished, and the

birds commenced bringing clay for plastering. About the third day it was noticed that only one bird, the female, was at work. The male had probably been killed by a hawk, a cat, or some thoughtless boy with a gun. But Mrs. Robin did not give up. She worked away, gathering bits of soft grass, wool, cotton, and feathers, and lining the nest with great care.

Soon, from our chamber window we could see a blue egg; then two,—three. For a time the little dame was much at home; only flitting away for three or four minutes at a time to get a scanty meal.

After about a fortnight, we noticed that, upon returning, she brought a struggling worm, alighted upon the side of the nest, and dropped portions of the worm into three little pink hoppers. One afternoon careful observation was made, and it was found that she brought food to her children regularly every seven or eight minutes. It is probable that she made more than a hundred trips a day for food for her family. The children grew big and fat, but the mother grew small and thin,—so thin that she looked little larger than a bluebird.

At last the fledglings appeared on the side of the nest; on the branches of the tree; in nearby trees; and then the family moved away.

Study this story carefully. Into how many parts is it divided? About what does the first part tell? The second part? The third? The fourth?

The part of a composition referring to one topic is called a paragraph.

The paragraph topics in this story are:

1. The home-making.
2. The hatching.
3. Rearing the family.
4. The departure.

Read each paragraph again to see whether every sentence refers to the topic named above.

Notice that the first line of each paragraph is set in from the margin, or *indented*.

The story is purposely made very brief. Retell it, adding as much as you like.

Compose a story about the trip of the family to the South for the winter.

STUDY 20

Memory Quotation

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
And rivers still keep flowing,
The dear God still His rain and sun
On good and ill bestowing.
His pine trees whisper, "Trust and wait!"
His flowers are prophesying ✓
That all we dread of change or fate
His love is underlying.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

Give the meaning of *smile*, *ill*, *bestowing*, *prophesying*, *dread*, *fate*, *underlying*. What is the poem about?

With what kind of letter does each line begin? Where else in the poem are capital letters used? Why?

STUDY 21
An Original Story

A PICNIC

You had a happy time at a picnic. Tell who went, where and how you went, what you saw, and what you did that made the occasion enjoyable.

STUDY 22
Writing Titles

Search through your reading book to find where capital letters are used in the titles of stories. Where have you noticed capital letters in the titles of books? Make a rule for this use of capital letters.

Write these titles from dictation:

1. King Midas and the Golden Touch.
2. The Village Blacksmith.
3. The House that Jack Built.
4. The Ant and the Grasshopper.
5. Little Women.
6. The King of the Golden River.

How many of these stories do you know?

STUDY 23
Troublesome Sentences

Select the sentences below which do not sound right to you. Read them aloud until the correct form no longer seems strange.

1. If I were he I would go.
2. May I be excused?

3. Let the book lie on the desk.
4. I did my problems before I came to school.
5. Lay off your coat and sit down.
6. Please, let Ethel and me sit together.
7. I am taller than he, but he is stronger than I.
8. There was no water in the well.
9. There were three crows sat on a tree.
10. Where were you yesterday, Ethel?

STUDY 24

The Use of the Comma in Address

Prepare to write from dictation:

1. Julia, is this your plaything?
2. Come here, Harry.
3. Good-bye, little birdie!
4. Go, my son, into the forest.
5. Give me of your bark, O Birch-tree!
6. O Lady Moon, your horns point toward the East!

Notice the use of the comma in these sentences. What is the use of the word or words set off by commas?

STUDY 25

The Use of the Comma in Address

Write, or find in a story book, five sentences in which commas are used in the same way as in Study 24.

Make a rule for this use of the comma.

STUDY 26

Oral Composition

JAPANESE CHILDREN AT PLAY

They tell us that the Japanese children romp and shout at play, but rarely hurt one another, and never quarrel.

One of their games is much like our "Puss in the Corner." The four corners of the room are havens of truth where every one is safe. In the middle of the room is one child dressed, according to the Japanese idea of a devil, all in black, with black draperies over his head. This black-robed monster catches whomever he can while they rush from one corner to another.

No other people in the world are so fond of toys as the Japanese, but the pretty trifles give instruction as well as amusement to those who play with them.

Japan has been called a paradise for babies, because the grown folks play with them so much. The child has no amusement that is not shared with as much zest by his parents and older friends.

They have a game of checkers very much like ours. It is played on a raised stand or table, about six inches in height. Backgammon is also a favorite game, and there are several forms of it.

When the winds of February and March are favorable to the sport, kites are flown; and there are

few sports in which Japanese boys, from the infant on the back to the fullgrown and the overgrown boy, take more delight. The Japanese kites are made of tough paper pasted on a frame of bamboo sticks, and are usually of a rectangular shape. Some of them, however, are made to represent children or men, several kinds of birds and animals, ants, etc. On the rectangular kites are pictures of ancient heroes or of beautiful women, dragons, horses, monsters of various kinds, or huge Chinese characters. Some of the kites are six feet square. Many of them have a thin, tense ribbon of whalebone at the top of the kite, which vibrates in the wind, making a loud, humming noise.

The boys frequently name their kites Genji or Heike, and each contestant endeavors to destroy that of his rival. For this purpose, the string, for ten or twenty feet near the kite end, is first covered with glue, and then dipped into pounded glass, by which the string becomes covered with tiny blades, each able to cut quickly and deeply. By getting the kite in proper position, and suddenly sawing the string of his antagonist, a boy can bring down his rival's kite and claim it for his own.

But most of all, the children like to listen to the weird stories and legends which are so common. The grandmother will thus keep the company of little people spellbound for hours.

Even in the cities now given over to European manners, the pretty customs concerning children still remain. The Feast of the Dolls, on the third day of the third month, is regularly observed.

All the family dolls are brought together in some public place, dressed in their most gorgeous gowns. Some of the dolls and their gowns may have been in the family for a hundred years. The grown folks are as much interested in these feasts and plays as are the young people. On that account some one has called Japan "the paradise of children."

The boys are as much interested in this day as the girls are; but it is not regarded so much their day as is the Feast of Flags, which comes later. On that day every kind of banner to be imagined is floated from poles, houses, and every available place.

"There," said Matsuma,* pointing out a group of children playing in a yard, "you can see how Japanese children amuse themselves."

"Why is that child sitting against the tree so still?" asked one of us. Matsuma laughed.

"That child is a doll," he answered. "No doubt it was made for the mother of these children's great-great-grandmother. It may have been in the family a hundred years. Dolls in Japan are not made to be broken. The people think that if many generations love a doll, it may have a soul loved into it."

"You see," he continued, "that the children are

* The Japanese guide.

playing in the garden among the flowers, and yet not a flower is hurt. They would think it very sinful to needlessly hurt so beautiful a plant."

By Permission of A. Flanagan & Co. —MARIAN M. GEORGE.

Tell what you have learned here or elsewhere about Japanese children. Then in as clear and interesting a way as you can, tell of some of the games children play in this or some other country.

STUDY 27

Literature and Composition

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight,
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

1. Study the poem until you know the meaning of every part, then read it aloud.
2. Be prepared to explain *rival*, *belated*, *thriftless vagrant*, *satin burrs*, *aftermath*, *freighting*.
3. Compare this poem with "SEPTEMBER." Study 2. What parts do you find similar in both?
4. Select the parts of the poem that make pretty, interesting pictures.

Memorize the poem, or the parts you like best.

STUDY 28

Letter Writing

TO GRANDFATHER

Your grandfather has written to you, asking what you wish for a birthday present. Answer his letter,

thank him for his kindness, telling him what you would like, and giving your reason.

STUDY 29

Art and Composition

THE ESCAPED COW

What is happening in this picture? Why do you think the cow wishes to get away? Which one will win in the race? What do you see in the distance? What time of day is it? In what country do these people live? Give reason for your decision.

Tell the story that the picture tells you.

STUDY 30

Literature and Composition

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

The Mountain and the Squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied:
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere;



THE ESCAPED COW

Dupre

And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You're not so small as I,
And not half so spry;
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

—R. W. EMERSON.

Which is *the former* here? Which *the latter*? Why did he call him "Little Prig?" Explain what Bun means by "You are doubtless half so spry." What do you think of his argument? Is it true? Explain *talents differ*.

The little mark in *I'll*, fifth line from the last, is called an *apostrophe*. What does it show? Find other examples and explain the use of each.

Write or tell a story of a squirrel you have known, or tell the story of "The Mountain and the Squirrel."

STUDY 31

Troublesome Sentences

Try to find what mistake is likely to be made in each of the following sentences, then read aloud the form here given until it sounds right:

1. In what kind of house does Mr. Adams live?
2. Kate, please pick up those papers.

3. Where did you get these apples?
4. James is taller than I, but I am heavier than he.
5. May I borrow your ruler?
6. You must have forgotten your books.
7. Shall you be at home to-night?
8. On account of the cold the bread did not rise well.
9. The leaf is torn out of my book.
10. You look well; do you feel well?

STUDY 32 Memory Quotation

A LITTLE STREAM

A little stream had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn:
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled a thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

How could a stream lose its way amid grass and fern?
What is the meaning of *scooped*? What is a *ladle*? Why did
the stranger do this? What does *toil* mean in this poem?
How could a well save a life?

Describe this well as you imagine it, and tell the story.
Memorize the poem.

STUDY 33

Art and Composition

SHEPHERDESS AND SHEEP

Tell in your own way of what this is a picture.
Study the sheep. Have they been sheared lately?
Study the dress of the shepherdess. What is the long
stick? What does she do with it? What is she doing
with her hands? What are the white things in
the grass? How far is it to the trees? What time of
year is it? Give your reasons. What time of day is
it? What is your reason for thinking so?

Who painted the picture? How did he want us
to feel towards the shepherdess and the sheep?

Describe this picture so fully that one who had
not seen it could imagine it.

STUDY 34

Literature and Composition

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES

There was a brood of young larks in a field of
corn, which was just ripe, and the mother, looking
every day for the reapers, left word, whenever she



SHEPHERDESS AND SHEEP

Millet.

went out in search of food, that her young ones should tell her all the news they heard.

One day, when she was absent, the master came to look at his field. "It is full time," said he, "to call in my neighbors and get my corn reaped." When the old lark came home, the young ones told their mother what they had heard, and begged her to move them at once.

"Time enough," said she. "If he trusts to his neighbors, he will have to wait a while yet for his harvest."

Next day, the owner came again, and found the sun hotter, the corn riper, and nothing done.

"There is not an hour to be lost," said he. "We cannot depend upon our neighbors; we must call in our relatives." Turning to his son, he said, "Go, call your uncles and cousins, and see that they begin to-morrow."

The young larks, in great fear, told their mother what the farmer had said. "If that be all," said she, "do not be frightened, for the relatives have harvest work of their own; but take notice of what you hear next time, and be sure to let me know."

She went abroad the next day, and the owner coming, as before, and finding the grain falling to the ground because it was overripe, said to his son, "We must wait no longer for our neighbors and friends.

Do you go to-night and hire some reapers, and we will set to work ourselves to-morrow."

When the young larks told their mother this,— "Then," said she, "it is time for us to be off; for when a man takes up his business himself, instead of leaving it to others, you may be sure that he means to set to work in earnest."

Study this fable until you can tell it without omitting anything.

Compose a story like this one.

STUDY 35

The Use of the Comma in a Series of Words

Prepare to write from dictation:

1. Thirty days hath September,
 April, June, and November.
2. Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world!
3. June brings tulips, lilies, roses.
4. In blue, green, yellow, orange, red,
 They made a pretty row.

Select the words in each group that are used in a similar way. Words so used are said to form a series. How are the words in these series separated?

STUDY 36

The Use of the Comma in a Series

Write, or find in a book, four sentences where commas are used in a series.

Make a rule for this use of the comma.

STUDY 37

Literature and Composition

JACK FROST

The Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height,

In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That make such a bustle and noise in vain;

But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest.
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast

Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear
Which he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept:
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,

By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things!—there were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silvery sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

“Now just to set them a-thinking,
I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
“This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three!
And the glass of water they’ve left for me,
Shall ‘tchick’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

—HANNAH F. GOULD.

1. On what kind of nights does Jack Frost generally go forth? Does he always go quietly? Why does the poet say “blustering train?”

2. What is the *crest* of a mountain? With what did Jack Frost powder it? Tell how he dressed the trees, or describe a tree you once saw dressed in this way. What is a *coat of mail*? What did he really do to the lake? What is a *spear*? What were the *spears* spoken of in the poem?

3. Tell what you have seen Jack Frost put on windows. What does the poem say he put on the windows?

4. How does fruit look after Jack Frost has bitten it?

Tell a story of what you have known Jack Frost to do.

STUDY 38

Troublesome Sentences

Read the following sentences aloud several times, especially those you are likely to say in a different way:

1. I came as soon as you began to call.
2. The book lay on the floor and Frank sat upon it.

3. Tell Alice to sit in the big chair or to lie upon the couch.
4. The flagstaff is broken; the wind did it; the boys saw it fall.
5. We saw that we were late, and ran all the way.
6. Has the bell rung?
7. When the chorus had been sung, Edith sang a pretty ballad.
8. Have you a pen?
9. No, I've a hard pencil.
10. James, were you absent on Tuesday?

STUDY 39

Art and Composition

FIRST STEPS

When you looked at the picture, what was the first thing you saw? What is the baby trying to do? How does the father feel about it? What makes you think so? What has the father been doing? Does it seem to you that it is possible to pass back of those trees?

Who drew this picture? Was the artist fond of working people and their children? Why do you think so?

Study the picture carefully, then tell the story it

Millet.

FIRST STEPS



suggests to you, or tell some other story of a baby you know.

STUDY 40

A Letter of Invitation

Suppose your mother has told you that you might invite your friend to spend Friday night and Saturday with you. Write the letter giving the invitation.

STUDY 41

Direct Quotations

DAYBREAK

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
“Bow down, and hail the coming morn.”

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
“Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour.”

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, “Not yet! in quiet lie.”

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

What other word might be used for *mists*? What is the meaning of *mariners*? What is meant by *leafy banners*? Give another word for *chanticleer*. What is a *clarion*? Why is this a good word here?

Make a list of the words that tell what the wind did; as, *came*, *said*, *hailed*, *cried*, etc. Write in the words of the poem what the wind said to the mists; to the ships; as it hurried landward; to the forest; to the wood-bird; to the chanticleer; to the fields of corn; to the bell; as it crossed the churchyard.

These words are called **direct quotations**, because they are the exact words of the wind.

What marks of punctuation are used around each quotation? Make a rule for the use of quotation marks.

What mark of punctuation precedes each quotation? Make a rule for this.

With what kind of letter is each quotation introduced? Make a rule for this.

Observe that the word *O* is always written with a capital letter.

STUDY 42

Indirect Quotations

When, in telling what another has said, the exact words of the speaker are not reported, an *indirect quotation* is used, and the quotation marks are not needed; as, A wind came up out of the sea and said that the mists should make room for him.

Rewrite the poem in Study 41, changing each direct quotation to the indirect form.

STUDY 43

Literature and Composition

RAINING

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;

A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

—ROBERT LOVEMAN.

1. Select from the poem the words that are not familiar to you and study their meaning.
2. Follow the thought of the author and point out some other beautiful things we might say the rain rains.
3. Prepare to write the poem from dictation.

Memorize the poem after you have studied out the meaning of every part.

STUDY 44 An Original Story

A FIRE

There has been a fire; a building burned. Describe what you saw and heard. Remember the fire-bell, the horses with the fire engine, the hose-cart, the people. If you have not seen a fire, write of some other exciting incident.

STUDY 45 Troublesome Sentences

Many persons use incorrect forms in such sentences as those given below. Prepare to ask your teacher about any that seem strange to you. Read each one several times.

1. Where were you last night?
2. The old man sits in a rocker or lies in a hammock all day.

3. Set the water in the sun and let it stand an hour.
4. I do not feel well to-day; I cannot write so well as usual.
5. The sexton rang the bell.
6. You lie down and rest, I shall keep watch.
7. The boys sat still until they were nearly frozen.
8. Ned has broken his knife.
9. The creek is frozen over.
10. George cannot skate very well since his leg was broken.

STUDY 46

Literature and Composition

SQUIRREL WISDOM

As I was walking through the early October woods one day, I came upon a place where the ground was covered with very large chestnut burrs. They were unopened.

On looking at them I found every burr had been cut square off, with an inch of stem still left. Not one had been left on the tree. It was not accident, then, but some one had planned it. Who could it have been?

The fruit was the finest I had ever seen in the wood. Some wise squirrel had marked it for his own. The burrs were ripe and had just begun to divide.

The squirrel that had taken all this pains must have said to himself, "Now these are very fine chestnuts, and I want them. If I wait till the burrs ripen on the trees, then the crows and the jays will be sure to carry off many of the nuts before they fall. Then after the wind has rattled out what are left, there are the mice, the chipmunks, and the red squirrels, to say nothing of the boys, to come in for their share."

"So I will hurry up things a little. I will cut off the burrs when they are large enough. A few of these dry October days will make every one of them open on the ground. I shall be on hand in the nick of time to gather up the best of the nuts." (Adapted.)

—JOHN BURROUGHS.

1. What other words could be used instead of *wisdom*, *accident*, *divide*, *rattled*, *share*, *hurry*, *nick of time*?
2. How many paragraphs are there? Would you make more or fewer? Find the topic of each paragraph.
3. What do you like about the way this story is told?

Using this simple story for a model, write a story of some wise thing you have known an animal to do.

STUDY 47

Letter Writing

ACCEPTING AN INVITATION

Your aunt invites you to spend your next vacation with her. Write to her replying to the letter of invitation. Make her know how happy you are in the thought of being with her so soon.

STUDY 48**Art and Composition****CATTLE RETURNING HOME**

Study this picture until you can describe it and tell the story it suggests.

What time of day is it? Give your reason. Where are the cows going? Where have they been? Why do you think this? Describe the country. Do the cows have good pasture? How do you know? What kind of owner do you think the cows have? What kind of trees are these? What time of year do you think it is? Notice the sky.

Name the artist. What do you think of his feeling towards animals and farm life?

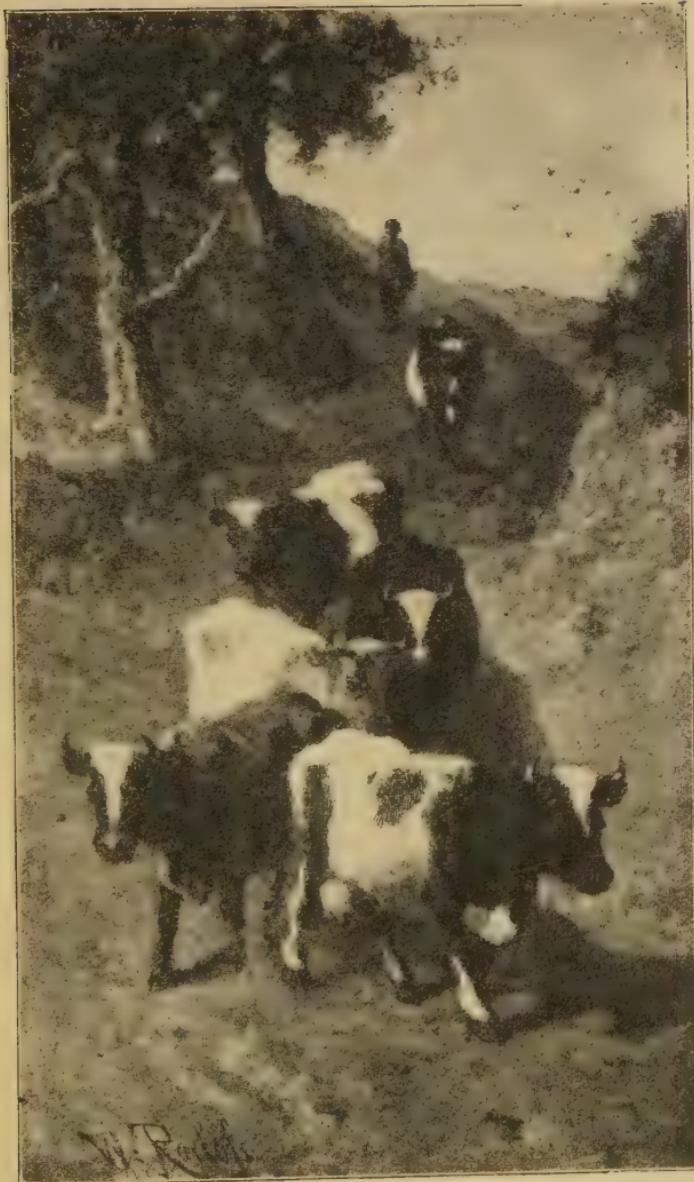
Write what the picture tells you; or write a story of bringing home the cows.

STUDY 49**Spelling and Punctuation**

Notice the position of the quotation marks, and tell why they are used. What kind of letter is used for the word *I*?

Prepare to write from dictation:

“What in the world are you going to do now, Jo?” asked Meg, one snowy afternoon, as her sister came tramping through the hall in rubber boots, old sack, and hood, with a broom in one hand and a shovel in the other.



CATTLE RETURNING HOME

"Going out for exercise," answered Jo, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"I should think two long walks this morning would have been enough! It is cold and dull out. I advise you to stay, warm and dry, by the fire, as I do," said Meg, with a shiver.

"Never take advice! Can't keep still all day, and, not being a pussy-cat, I do not like to doze by the fire. I like adventures, and I'm going to find some."

—LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

STUDY 50

Literature and Composition

THE PINE TREE

In the woods there lived a little Pine Tree. He stood where the sun and the fresh air could reach him. Around him grew many comrades—other pines and big firs. But the little Pine wished very much to be a grown-up tree.

Sometimes the cottage children ran about near the little Tree in search of wild strawberries and raspberries; and they would sit down near his roots and say: "Oh, what a beautiful little fellow!" But the Tree could not bear to hear them.

In a year he grew much, and the next year he was still taller; but yet, when it was winter and the snow lay glittering about, a little Hare would come leaping along and would jump right over the little tree. Oh, it made him so angry!

"I wish I were as tall as the others," cried the little Tree. "Then I could look out into the wide world."

In the fall the wood-choppers always came and cut down some of the tallest trees in the forest. The trees fell to the earth with noise and cracking, the branches were lopped off, and the trunks were drawn off in sledges.

"I wonder where they go," thought the little Pine Tree, and he asked the Swallow and the Stork about it:

"Yes, we have met them," said the Stork. "They are made into new ships which flit across the water."

"Oh, I wish I were old enough to fly across the sea," sighed the little Pine Tree.

When Christmas came some of the younger trees were cut down, but these always kept their branches, and they, also, were carried away from the forest in sledges. The little Tree wondered very much what became of them.

"Oh, we know," chirped the Sparrows. "We peeped in the windows down in the town, and we saw them standing in warm rooms, dressed with gilded apples, and gingerbread, and toys, and hundreds of lights."

"Ah!"-cried the little Tree, "perhaps, some day, I shall sparkle, too, like that."

So he stood, a rich green in the forest, through the winter and the summer, and just grew and grew. Everybody looked at him.

"What a fine tree!" they said; and towards Christmas they cut him down with an ax, close to the ground.

When he came to himself he was being carried into a large and splendid room. He trembled with joy as they stuck him into a cask filled with sand, and wrapped the cask all about with a green cloth, that it might not show. On the branches they hung little nets cut out of colored paper; there were gilded apples and walnuts put everywhere; and more than a hundred colored tapers were attached to the ends of his twigs. There were wonderful dolls that looked, for all the world, like real persons as they fluttered among the branches. On the very top was fixed a large, gold star.

When the Pine Tree heard that the Christmas season celebrated the coming of great joy into this world; when he saw the gladness and realized that he had done his part, he held the bright star proudly and felt grateful.

(Adapted.)—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

1. Why was the Pine Tree discontented? Had it a right to be dissatisfied with itself? Is it ever right to be discontented?

2. Tell all you can about the things that you think helped to make the tree grateful.

Let each child come to the class prepared to tell some Christmas story.

STUDY 51**An Original Story**

CHRISTMAS

Write a Christmas story. If possible, tell of something you have known to take place. Have it tell of joy and love.

STUDY 52**Letter Writing**

TO A COUSIN

Write to your cousin about your Christmas vacation. Before beginning, make an outline of the topics about which you will write.

STUDY 53**Literature and Composition**

THE WINDMILL

Behold! a giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

1. Have you seen a windmill? What was its use? In what country do the people have many windmills and use them for many things?
2. Why does he call himself a *giant*? What are his *granite jaws*? What is *maize*? Have you eaten bread made from each of these three kinds of flour? Which did you like best? Where you live, do people make flour this way? How do they make it?

3. What is the meaning of, "I fling to the air my arms?"
4. Draw a picture of a flail, if you can. If not, try to find a picture of one. Do the farmers near where you live use flails when threshing? How do they thresh grain?
5. Why is his foot on a rock? How can the mill catch the wind in any direction? How would a brave man meet his foe?
6. Why does he say *melodious din*?

Tell some story the windmill suggests to you, for example: The Story of a Grain of Wheat. The Story of a Loaf of Bread. Biography of an Old Windmill.

STUDY 54

Original Composition

A STORY OF A MILL

Visit a mill near your home. Tell the story of *that* mill.

STUDY 55

The Comma in Address—Review

Give your reason for the use of each comma in the following sentences, and prepare to write from dictation:

1. Blessings on thee, little man.
2. Lady Moon, Lady Moon,
 Where are you roving?
3. Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
 Or the world will lose some of its joy.
4. "Very good, Mistress Dial," replied the Pendulum. "It is very easy for you to call other people lazy."

STUDY 56**Troublesome Sentences**

Read these sentences many times. If any sound wrong ask about them.

1. The boys have eaten their dinner.
2. The children sang the chorus well.
3. See, Don came to school with me.
4. Please, may I pass the pencils?
5. We have sat in these seats all the term.
6. Mother had set the bread and gone to lie down.
7. He has risen to meet the stranger.
8. All the boys saw the procession.
9. I have lain on the couch for an hour.
10. We boys were all at the concert.

STUDY 57**Art and Composition****OFF TO THE FAIR**

Study this picture carefully. Find every interesting thing you can that it shows. Then write the story it suggests.

Who painted this picture? How did he feel towards those whom he pictured?



OFF TO THE FAIR

Morgan.

STUDY 58**Original Composition****A STORY OF A RUNAWAY**

You saw a runaway. Tell what happened. Suggested outline:

1. The place.
2. What ran away.
3. Persons concerned.
4. What happened.
5. Results.

STUDY 59**An Original Story****A SNOW MAN**

Imagine you are a snow man; write the story of your life.

STUDY 60**Letter Writing****TO YOUR FATHER OR YOUR BROTHER**

Your father or your brother is away from home because of business. You promised to write to him. Do so. Be careful to tell him of the things about which he would most care to hear.

STUDY 61

Literature and Composition

WISHING

Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in the spring!

The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm tree for our king.

Nay, stay! I wish I were an Elm tree,
A great lofty Elm tree, with green leaves gay!

The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing.

Oh, no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go,
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well, tell! where should I fly to,
Where go sleep in the dark wood or dell?

Before the day was over,
Home must come the rover,
For mother's kiss,—sweeter this
Than any other thing.

—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

1. Why is the first word of the first line used? Describe a primrose, or bring one to school, or find a picture of one. What pleasant things would happen to a primrose?

2. Why do you think he changed his wish in the second stanza?

3. Why was the wish again changed? What is a *dell*? Which of these three things would you rather be? Why?

The other day you were wishing you were something or somebody else. Write or tell the story of your wishing.

STUDY 62

Form in Composition

SPELLING AND PUNCTUATION

Prepare to write from dictation:

1. On the table lay his pen, pencil, knife, and book.

2. Here comes the stout head-waiter with eggs, buttered toast, muffins, and coffee.

3. Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!

4. The little tramp dog was low-spirited, weary, and sad.

5. "My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

In what different ways is the comma used in these sentences?

Notice that *head-waiter* is composed of *head* and *waiter*. The little mark between the two parts of the word is called a *hyphen*, and a word so formed is a *compound word*. Find other examples.

When two words are much used as a compound word, the hyphen is omitted, as in *railroad* and *overcoat*.

STUDY 63

Literature and Composition**THE CAT, THE MONKEY, AND THE CHESTNUTS**

A cat and a monkey were sitting one day by the hearth, watching some chestnuts which their master had laid down to roast. The chestnuts had begun to burst with the heat, and the monkey said to the cat:

“It is plain that your paws were made to pull out those chestnuts. Your paws are, indeed, exactly like our master’s hands.”

The cat was greatly flattered by this speech, and reached forward for the tempting chestnuts; but scarcely had she touched the hot ashes than she drew back with a cry, for she had burned her paw. She tried again, and made out to get one chestnut; then she pulled another, and a third, though each time she singed the hair on her paws.

When she could pull no more, she turned, and found the monkey had taken this time to crack the chestnuts and eat them.

Tell the story of “The Cat, the Monkey, and the Chestnuts.”

What adages, or “sayings,” are based on this story?

What leads one person to use another as a “cat’s paw?”

STUDY 64**Original Composition****STORY OF A PET**

Write a story about some animal you have had as a pet.

Make an outline of the story before beginning to write.

STUDY 65**Art and Composition****OXEN PLOWING**

This is a copy of a famous picture. Who painted it? What are the men and the oxen doing? Can you find four men? What seems to be the especial work of each? Study the oxen. Do they seem gentle or unruly, well cared for or neglected, weak or strong? How are they hitched to the plow? Is this usual? Notice the condition of the soil; also the landscape in the distance.

Why do you suppose Rosa Bonheur painted pictures of this kind?

Find out all you can about the methods of plowing employed by different peoples at different times, and write "A History of Plowing."

OXEN PLOWING

Rosa Bonheur.



STUDY 66

Literature and Composition

— THE MILLER OF THE DEE

There dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,—
“I envy nobody; no, not I,
And nobody envies me!”

“Thou’rt wrong, my friend,” said old King Hal,
“Thou’rt wrong as wrong can be;
For, could my heart be light as thine,
I’d gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I’m a king,
Beside the river Dee?”

The miller smiled and doffed his cap;
“I earn my bread,” quoth he;
“I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill, that grinds the corn,
To feed my babes and me.”

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,

"Farewell and happy be;

But say no more, if thou'dst be true,

That no one envies thee.

Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,

Thy mill—my kingdom's fee!

Such men as thou, art England's boast,

O miller of the Dee!"

—CHARLES MACKAY.

1. Explain the meaning of *hale*, *bold*, and *blithe*. Why did the miller sing? What is it to envy another?

2. Tell what King Hal said.

3. What does *doffed* mean? Tell why the miller was happy.

4. Why did the king envy the miller? Why was the *mealy cap* worth the *king's crown*? What kind of men does he say that England boasts? Why should any country be proud of such men?

Make a list of the words in the poem that you do not use.

Tell or write the story of the "Miller of the Dee."

STUDY 67

Letter Writing

TO A FRIEND

A young friend in Paris has written to you about his school and his companions. Answer his letter telling him of your school and your companions.

Before you begin to write make an outline of topics such as:

1. Location of school.
2. Size, number of pupils.
3. Grades of work.
4. The grade of work you do.
5. Your companions.
6. Your teachers.
7. Matters of special interest.

STUDY 68

Literature and Composition

A TRUE HERO

In a certain Cornish mine, two men, deep down in the shaft, were engaged in putting in a shot for blasting. They had completed their affair, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up. One at a time was all that the assistant at the top could manage, and the second was to kindle the fuse and then mount with all speed.

Now it chanced, while they were still below, that one of them thought the fuse too long. He accordingly tried to cut it shorter. Taking two stones, a flat and a sharp, he succeeded in cutting it the required length; but, horrible to relate, he kindled it at the same time, while both were still below! Both shouted vehemently to the man at the windlass; both sprang into the bucket. The man could not move it with both in it.

Here was a moment for poor Miner Jack and Miner Will! Instant horrible death hangs over them.

“Go aloft, Jack; sit down; away! in one minute I shall be in heaven!”

Jack bounds aloft, the explosion instantly follows, bruising his face as he looks over, but he is safe above the ground.

And what of poor Will? Descending eagerly, they find him as if by miracle, buried under rocks which had arched themselves over him. He is little injured. He too is brought up safe. Well done, brave Will.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

What is a *shaft* in a mine? How is blasting done in mines?

Did you ever see fire when two stones, or a stone and some metal, struck? Tell what you saw. What did the people do to kindle fire before matches were made?

What is a windlass? What is its use in a mine? What is a hero? Why was Will a true hero?

Write or tell this story, or any similar story that you know.

STUDY 69

Troublesome Sentences

Read these sentences over and over. Notice especially those that seem strange to you.

1. The girls looked very pretty and sang sweetly.
2. The men lay in the shade all morning.
3. Fido lies by the fire or sits at the door.
4. We ate our lunch some time ago.
5. The boys came early and did their work well.

6. Most children like sweets and love pets.
7. The General rose early that morning.
8. The men set the bookcase in place.
9. The children sat with me a long time.
10. The horses ran swiftly all the way.

STUDY 70

Form in Composition

ONE USE OF THE APOSTROPHE

Prepare to write from dictation:

1. Mary's hat is on the rack.
2. A boy's will is the wind's will.
3. The tree's buds were bursting their brown.
4. Within, the master's desk is seen,

Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack knife's carved initial.

Notice the apostrophe. What does it show in each of these words?

STUDY 71

A Story by Suggestion

THE WIND

Tell that the wind is blowing without using the word wind, but by describing some of the things that are happening.

 STUDY 72

Form in Composition

WORDS DIVIDED AT THE END OF A LINE

When there is not room at the end of a line for an entire word, and part of it is written upon the next line, the word should be divided by a hyphen between syllables; as, hol-ly-hocks. Words of one syllable should not be divided.

Divide the following words as you would if writing each on two lines:

together	underground	sailor
company	immortal	dressmaker
village	beautiful	farmer
always	remember	cabbage
dwelling	listening	welcoming

STUDY 73

Memory Quotation

The Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!



Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

Love

—WRITTEN IN MARCH BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Memorize this poem and suggest a title for it.

STUDY 74

Art and Composition

LIONS AT HOME

Study this picture carefully. Notice the difference in appearance of the two lions. Which is the father lion; which, the mother lion? What are young lions called?

Name the artist. How did she want people to feel towards animals? Why?

Describe the picture so that one who has not seen it can imagine it.

Tell what you can about a similar group of animals you have seen.



LIONS à la HOME

Rosa Bonheur.

STUDY 75**Original Composition****— SIGNS OF SUMMER**

Tell all the signs of summer you have noticed.

STUDY 76**Letter Writing****TO YOUR FAMILY**

You are away from home visiting; write to the family at home, telling them what you are doing. Plan your letter so as to make it interesting; then write as though you were talking.

STUDY 77**Literature and Composition****FIDO'S LITTLE FRIEND***

One morning in May Fido sat on the front porch, and he was deep in thought. He was wondering whether the people who were moving into the next house were as cross and unfeeling as the people who had just moved out.

"The new-comers must be nice folks," said Fido to himself, "for their feather beds look big and comfortable, and their baskets are all ample and generous."

*From "A Little Book of Profitable Tales;" copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

While Fido sat on the front porch and watched the people moving into the next house, another pair of eyes peeped out of the old hollow maple over the way. This was the red-headed woodpecker, who had a warm, cosey nest far down in the old hollow maple, and in the nest there were four beautiful eggs, of which the red-headed woodpecker was very proud.

"Good-morning, Mr. Fido," called the red-headed woodpecker from her high perch. "You are out bright and early to-day. And what do you think of our new neighbors?"

"Upon my word, I cannot tell," replied Fido, wagging his tail cheerily, "for I am not acquainted with them. But I have been watching them closely, and by to-day noon I think I shall be on speaking terms with them provided, of course, they are not the cross, unkind people our old neighbors were."

"Oh, I do so hope there are no little boys in the family," sighed the red-headed woodpecker; and then she added, with much determination and a defiant toss of her beautiful head: "I hate little boys."

"Why so?" inquired Fido. "As for myself, I love little boys. I have always found them the pleasantest of companions. Why do you dislike them?"

"Because they are wicked," said the red-headed woodpecker. "They climb trees and break up the nests we have worked so hard to build, and they steal away our lovely eggs—oh, I hate little boys!"

"Good little boys don't steal birds' eggs," said Fido, "and I am sure I never would play with a bad boy."

But the red-headed woodpecker insisted that all little boys were wicked; and, firm in this faith, she flew away to the linden over yonder, where, she had heard the thrush say, there lived a family of fat white grubs.

As for Fido, he sat on the front porch and watched the people moving in. And as he watched them he thought of what the red-headed woodpecker had said, and he wondered if it could be possible for little boys to be so cruel as to rob birds' nests. As he brooded over this sad possibility, his train of thought was interrupted by the sound of a voice that fell pleasantly on his ears.

"Goggie, goggie, goggie!" said the voice. "Tum here, 'ittle goggie—tum here, goggie, goggie, goggie!"

Fido looked whence the voice seemed to come, and he saw a tiny figure on the other side of the fence,—a cunning baby figure in the yard that belonged to the house where the new neighbors were moving in. A second glance assured Fido that the calling stranger was a little boy not more than three years old, wearing a pretty dress, a broad hat crowning his yellow hair and shading his big blue eyes and dimpled face. The sight was a pleasing one, and Fido wagged his tail,—very cautiously, however, for he was not quite certain that the little boy's greeting was meant for him, and

Fido's sad experiences with the old neighbors had made him wary about making acquaintances too hastily.

"Tum, 'ittle goggie!" persisted the prattling stranger, and as if to encourage Fido, the little boy stretched his chubby arms through the fence and waved them entreatingly.

Fido was convinced now; so he got up, and with many cordial gestures of his hospitable tail, trotted down the steps and over the lawn to the corner of the fence where the little stranger was.

"Me love oo," said the little stranger patting Fido's honest brown back; "me love oo, 'ittle goggie."

Fido knew that, for there were caresses in every stroke of the dimpled hands. Fido loved the little boy, too; yes, all at once he loved the little boy; and he licked the dimpled hands, and gave three short, quick barks, and wagged his tail wildly. So then and there began the friendship of Fido and the little boy.

Presently Fido crawled under the fence into the next yard, and then the little boy sat down on the grass, and Fido put his forepaws in the little boy's lap and cocked up his ears and looked up into the little boy's face, as much as to say, "We shall be great friends, shall we not, little boy?"

The next morning the little boy toddled down to the fence-corner, bright and early, and called, "Goggie, goggie, goggie!" so loudly that Fido heard

him in the woodshed, where he was holding a morning chat with Mrs. Tabby. Fido hastened to answer the call, the way he spun out of the woodshed and down the gravel walk and around the corner of the house was a marvel.

Oh, what play and happiness they had that day; how the green grass kissed their feet, and how the smell of clover came with the springtime breezes from the meadow yonder! The red-headed woodpecker heard them at play, and she clambered out of the hollow maple and dodged hither and thither as if she, too, shared the merriment. Yes, and the yellow thistlebird, whose nest was in the blooming lilac bush, came and perched in the pear tree and sang a little song about the dear little eggs in her cunning home. And there was a flower in the fence-corner,—a sweet, modest flower that no human eyes but the little boy's had ever seen,—and she sang a little song too, a song about the kind old mother earth and the pretty sunbeams, the gentle rain and the droning bees. Why, the little boy had never known anything half so beautiful, and Fido,—he, too; was delighted beyond all telling. If the whole truth must be told, Fido had such an exciting and bewildering romp that day that when night came, and he lay asleep on the kitchen floor, he dreamed he was tumbling in the green grass with the little boy, and he tossed and barked and whined so in his sleep that the hired man had to get up in the night and put him out of doors.

Down in the pasture at the end of the lane lived an old woodchuck. In time the old woodchuck, the little boy, and Fido became fast friends and almost every day they visited together in the pasture. The old woodchuck had wonderful stories to tell,—stories of marvellous adventures, of narrow escapes, of battles with cruel dogs, and of thrilling experiences that were altogether new to his wondering listeners. Meanwhile the red-headed woodpecker's eggs in the hollow maple had hatched, and the proud mother had great tales to tell of her baby birds. The yellowbird too had four fuzzy little babies in her nest in the lilac-bush, and every now and then she came to sing to the little boy and Fido of her darlings. Then when the little boy and Fido were tired with play, they would sit in the rowen near the fence corner and hear the flower tell a story the dew had brought fresh from the stars the night before. They all loved one another,—the little boy, Fido, the old woodchuck, the red-headed woodpecker, the yellow bird, and the flower,—yes, all through the days of spring and all through the summer time they loved one another in their own honest, sweet, simple way.

1. What does *ample* and *generous* mean? Have you ever found a nest in a hollow tree? Describe it. Describe a red-headed woodpecker as clearly as you can from life or from a picture.

2. What did Fido's wagging his tail express? What did "with much determination and a defiant toss of her head" tell?

By what other name is the linden tree known? If there is one in your town, find it. What are grubs? Why was the wood-pecker interested in the grubs?

3. Read the description of the little boy until you can see him. Why was Fido so cautious? Why is the little stranger called *prattling*? What is the meaning of *hospitable*? Why is Fido's tail called *hospitable*? What is a *caress*? Do dogs generally show their pleasure as Fido did? Tell what you have seen a dog do to show pleasure.

4. Why did the red-headed woodpecker, the yellow thistle bird, the flower love Fido and the little boy? Imagine and tell some adventures that you think the woodchuck may have told Fido and the little boy. What story did a bird ever tell you?

Tell the story of Fido's little friend.

STUDY 78

Form in Composition

BROKEN QUOTATIONS

Study the punctuation where a quotation is broken by other words. Prepare to write from dictation:

He gave me some very good oats; he patted me-spoke kindly, and then went away.

When I had eaten my oats, I looked round. In the stall next to mine stood a little, fat, gray pony with a thick mane and tail, a very pretty head, and a pert little nose.

I put my head up to the iron rails at the top of my box, and said, "How do you do? What is your name?"

He turned round as far as his halter would allow, held up his head, and said, "My name is Merrylegs. I am very handsome. I carry the young ladies on my back, and sometimes I take our mistress out in the low chaise. They think a great deal of me and so does James. Are you going to live next door to me in the box?"

I said, "Yes."

"Well, then," he said, "I hope you are good-tempered; I do not like anyone next door who bites."

—FROM "BLACK BEAUTY" BY ANNA SEWELL.

STUDY 79

Form in Composition

DIRECT AND INDIRECT QUOTATIONS

Find in books ten direct quotations, and change as many of them as you can into the indirect form.

STUDY 80

Literature and Composition

THE BLUEBIRD

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?

Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming and springtime is here!"

"Little white snow drop, I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils, daffodils! say, do you hear?—
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!"

—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

1. Why is the bluebird described as *brave*? What do the third and fourth lines mean?
 2. Why does the poet say the music *leaps* out from his throat? Notice the mark after *Hark* and *throat*, second stanza. What is this mark called? What does its use show? Find other examples of this mark.
 3. Why is his song a *message of cheer*?
 4. Where you live, what flowers come first in spring?
- What expressions in the poem do you especially like? Why?

PART TWO

STUDY 81

Literature and Composition

WHAT WAS IT?

I watched a butterfly on the wing;
I saw him alight on a sunny spray.

His pinions quivered;
The blossoms shivered;
I know he whispered some startling thing.
But why so bold,
Or what he told,
While poising there on the sunny spray,
I've never learned to this blessed day.

—MARY MAPES DODGE.

What is the meaning of *alight*, *spray*, *pinions*, *poising*? Express “His pinions quivered” in another way. What two things does the poem say “I’ve never learned?”

Write what you think the butterfly told the spray, or write what you have seen a butterfly do.

STUDY 82

The Paragraph

A TRIP WITH THE CARRIER

The carrier’s horse was the laziest horse in the world, I should hope, and shuffled along, with his head down, as if he liked to keep people waiting to

whom packages were directed. I fancied, indeed, that he sometimes chuckled audibly over this reflection, but the carrier said he was only troubled with a cough.

The carrier had a way of keeping his head down, like his horse, and of drooping sleepily forward as he drove, with one of his arms on each of his knees. I say "drove," but it struck me that the cart would have gone to Yarmouth quite as well without him, for the horse did all that; and as to conversation, he had no idea of it but whistling.

Peggotty had a basket of refreshments on her knee, which would have lasted us handsomely, if we had been going to London by the same conveyance. We ate a good deal, and slept a good deal. Peggotty always went to sleep with her chin upon the handle of the basket, her hold of which never relaxed; and I could not have believed, unless I had heard her do it, that one defenceless woman could have snored so much.

—CHAS. DICKENS.

Why is this extract divided into three parts? What is the subject of the first part? Of the second? Of the third? What name is given to such parts of a composition? Would it be better to make more than three paragraphs? Give reasons.

Select the ten most difficult words and study their spelling and meaning.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

—LOWELL.

STUDY 83

Explanation

PLANTS THAT CANNOT STAND ALONE

You have observed that usually a plant stripped of all its leaves ceases to grow, and soon dies. You may have noticed, too, that house plants turn their leaves toward the window; that plants kept in a dark place become sickly. It is equally true that most plants do not grow well unless they have plenty of air.

Now, it is the leaves of the plant that use the air and the light in making the plant grow. For this reason the leaves are usually borne on some sort of stem which carries them up away from the ground and exposes them to light and air. In the case of the rhubarb, the beet, and the turnip the leaf itself has a long stem which holds it up away from the earth. Many plants, such as trees, shrubs, Indian corn, and the like, have strong, stiff stems that carry their leaves up into freer air and more abundant light. But there are a number of plants that have stems so weak and limp that they cannot stand alone.

Some of these climbing plants are very interesting. They act as though they knew their weakness, and, as soon as they become a few inches high, they appear to search for something to support them. For example, the young morning glory plant, or a young hop vine, swings about until it finds another slender

stem about which it coils its own pliant stem in regular spirals. It is said they all coil the same way around the support. Perhaps you can find whether that is true.

The pea, the grape, and the Virginia creeper have learned to put forth little leafless branches, called tendrils. These seem to feel about until they touch some slender object, and about this they coil. Once attached to the support, the body of the tendril becomes a spiral coil, shortens its length, and draws the vine closer to the support.

The clematis makes use of its leaf-stem to support it; the leaf-stem coiling about any slender body with which it comes in contact. Some other plants extend the midrib of the leaf and make a tendril of it. Others again, such as the ivy, put forth little rootlets which flatten and attach themselves to the side of a wall or any flat surface. Find, if you can, an ivy growing against the sides of a wall and notice how it supports itself. Try gently to pull it away.

Find all you can about plants that cannot stand alone. Then write in your own way what you have read. Make drawings to illustrate your explanations.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true.
Beautiful faces are they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there.

STUDY 84

Literature and Composition

THE WONDERFUL WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree.—
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers, to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
“You are more than the Earth, though you are
such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!”

—SAMUEL BROWNE.

1. Read carefully the first line and try to feel why those words are used. What makes the world so "beautifully dressed?"
2. What foot-prints does the wind leave on the water? How does the wind talk to itself?
3. How do you know that the Earth is friendly?
4. In what way is a child more than the earth? Why does this make you more?

Memorize the stanza you like best.

STUDY 85

Art and Composition

THE DRESS PARADE

How many boys are in this picture? What are they doing? Which one is the leader? How do you know?

Describe the small boy in the middle. What is he about to do? Tell why you think so.

Notice the boy at the right. What is he doing? Study his face carefully. What kind of boy do you think he is?

Notice the boys' hats, their feet, their clothing, their weapons.

Study the wall and the pavement. Where do you think these boys are?

What is the chief thing this picture tells you?

Describe the picture so that anyone, who has not seen it, can imagine it.

Name the artist. What did he think of these boys?

Write a story about one of these boys.



THE DRESS PARADE

J. G. Brown.

STUDY 86**Troublesome Sentences**

Read these sentences several times. Are you sure all are correct?

1. Were you in town last week?
2. There were several mistakes.
3. Doesn't Blanche sew neatly?
4. Don't the boys and girls play at recess?
5. A peck of peanuts was sold.
6. Every pupil has his lesson.
7. All pupils have work to do.
8. Each man has his part to play.
9. Has each one his book open?
10. I can learn the lesson if you teach me.
11. Call for Clara and me.
12. Neither Father nor Mother is at home.
13. Each boy and girl was in his place.
14. Try to sing softly, as Alice does.

STUDY 87**Reproduction Story****NARCISSUS**

Narcissus had a twin sister whom he loved better than any one else in the world. This sister died when she was young and very beautiful. Narcissus missed her so very much that he wished he might die too.

One day, as he sat on the ground by a spring, looking absently into the water and thinking of his lost sister, he saw a face like hers looking up at him. It seemed as if his sister had become a water nymph and were actually there in the spring, but she would not speak to him.

Of course the face Narcissus saw was really the reflection of his own face in the water, but he did not know that. He leaned over the water and looked at the beautiful face so like his sister's, and wondered what it was and whether he should ever see his sister again.

After this, he came back to the spring day after day and looked at the face he saw there, and mourned for his sister until, at last, the gods felt sorry for him and changed him into a flower.

This flower was the first narcissus. All the flowers of this family, when they grow by the side of a pond or a stream, still bend their beautiful heads and look at the reflection of their own faces in the water.

1. Do you know the narcissus?
2. Where does it like to grow?
3. When does it bloom?
4. What is there about its manner of growth that seems to bear out this story?

Tell the story of the first narcissus.

STUDY 88**An Original Story****THE APPROACH OF A STORM**

Write a story which these questions suggest:

1. Can you recall clearly seeing the approach of a storm? Did it come over the lake and hills, or did you watch it come across the level country?
2. What color were the clouds? Did they move slowly or rapidly? Did they appear to glide along the sky or come rolling and tumbling?
3. Did it thunder? Could you see lightning?
4. Did the wind blow? What did the trees do? Did they seem to say anything to you?
5. Where did the birds go? Did they sing?
6. Did it finally rain? How did the drops fall—from overhead, or did the wind blow them in a slanting direction?
7. Where did you go and what did you do?

How many paragraphs will you have in your story?

STUDY 89**Writing Dates**

Write the following from dictation, abbreviating and punctuating correctly:

April 6, 1872.

July 30, 1775.

November 20, 1769.

January 19, 1642.

September 7, 1900.

February 22, 1898.

Write the date of:

Yesterday.

Christmas day last year.

Your birth.

Four holidays this year.

The Discovery of America.

Next New Year's.

STUDY 90

Literature and Composition

ROBIN HOOD

During the reign of Richard I., about 1200 A. D., lived Robin Hood, who was almost as famous in his way as Richard of the Lion Heart himself. During the king's long absence in the Holy Land his kingdom at home was in a very unsettled state. The two races, the Normans and the Englishmen, had not yet become blended as one people. The fierce Norman barons, living in their strong castles, did pretty much as they pleased, and in many cases grievously ill-treated the poor people around them.

Many of the English were too high spirited to submit tamely to the insults heaped upon them. The large forests, which at that time spread over the country, became the refuge of daring men, who subsisted by hunting the deer and robbing the travelers who came in their way. In some cases, indeed, they waged a sort of petty warfare against their hated Norman neighbors.

The best known of all those outlaws was Robin Hood who, with a band of over a hundred followers, dwelt in the forest of Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire. His men had the greatest respect for their leader, and never ventured to disobey his commands. "King of Sherwood" was the title by which he was known, not only among his own band, but among the country people around.

Clad in suits of Lincoln green, and armed with a long bow and quarter-staff, the outlaws roamed the forests, often traveling great distances in search of plunder. They went to public places in disguise, being often present at tournaments and other feats of arms. Besides Robin himself, there was a second in command, Little John, a man nearly seven feet tall; Allan-a-Dale, their minstrel, who played tunes upon the harp when they made merry under the green-wood; and Friar Tuck, their burly priest and confessor, who, when not engaged in any enterprise, took up his abode in a hermit's cell in the forest.

The outlaws were splendid archers; Robin himself could cleave a peeled willow wand at the distance of a hundred paces. They were skillful also at the games of quarter-staff and broadsword and other manly English sports. When they had collected a store of booty it was all brought and laid at the feet of their leader. Seated on a throne of turf under the branches of a wide spreading oak, he divided the spoils among the band, dealing out to each his fair portion.

While Robin spoiled the rich and slew the deer of the Norman nobles, he was kind to the poor, and would never permit a woman to be injured. Many a time, indeed, he sent help to poor people who lived in the neighborhood; but if a wealthy noble, a fat abbot, or a miserly man passed his way, he was looked upon as lawful prey.

In his great story of Ivanhoe, Sir Walter Scott describes how King Richard himself once visited Robin and his band in the forest of Sherwood. The merry monarch had excellent sport with them, eating their venison, and drinking their ale and wine in high good humor.

Robin Hood lived to a good old age, but he never could be induced to give up his roving habits. When he died he was buried at his own desire, under the greenwood, with a green sod under his head, and another under his feet. By his side were laid his bow and arrows; and his grave was made of "gravel and green," that all people might say, "Here lies bold Robin Hood."

In the course of time the Normans and English were blended into one nation. It was then that the long bow, which Robin Hood and his men did much to render popular, became the chief weapon of the English yeoman. No longer oppressed and driven to take refuge in the forest they went gallantly forth to fight the battles of their country. For three hundred years afterwards, the English archers, descendants of the brave foresters of old, were the terror of their foes on many a victorious field.

1. Tell what you have read about the castles of these times.
2. What is the meaning of the word *outlaw?* *long-bow?* *quarter-staff?* *booty?* *venison?*
3. What is the meaning of the suffix *shire* in the word *Nottinghamshire*? Find Nottinghamshire on the map.

4. What have you read about tournaments? What is a *minstrel*? What is the meaning of *burly* in "their burly priest and confessor?" What is a *hermit's cell*? What is the meaning of *English yeoman*?

After outlining the story, tell it in your own way.

The life of Robin Hood and the stories about him are very interesting. If possible read a good account of his life.

STUDY 91

Literature and Composition

THE SONG OF THE WIND

"I've a great deal to do, a great deal to do,
 Don't speak to me, children, I pray;
 These little boys' hats must be blown off their heads,
 And these little girls' bonnets away.

There are bushels of apples to gather to-day,
 And Oh! there's no end to the nuts;
 Over many long roads I must traverse away,
 And many by-lanes and short cuts.

There are thousands of leaves lying lazily here,
 That needs must be whirled round and round;
 A rickety house wants to see me, I know,
 In the most distant part of the town.

The rich nabob's cloak must have a good shake,
 Though he does hold his head pretty high;
 And I must not slight Betty, who washes so clean,
 And has just hung her clothes out to dry.

Then there are signs to be creaked, and doors to be
slammed,
Loose window blinds too to be shaken;
When you know all the business I must do to-day,
You will see how much trouble I've taken.

I saw some ships leaving the harbor to-day,
So I'll e'en go and help them along,
And flop the broad sails, and howl through the
shrouds,
And join in the sailor boy's song.

I'll mount to the clouds, and away they will sail,
On their white wings across the bright sky;
I bow to no mandate, save only to Him
Who reigneth in glory on high."

Read the poem over until you know the things this wind
had planned to do. Tell of the work and the fun he would
have. Write of the things you would do for fun, if you were
a strong wind.

Write a story of what you have known the wind to do.

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me.

—LOWELL.

STUDY 92

Letter Writing

TO A CHILD

Devonshire Lodge, New Finchley Road,

My dear May:

July 1, 1844.

How do you do, and how do you like the sea? Not much perhaps, it's "so big." But shouldn't you like a nice little ocean, that you could put in a pan? Yet the sea, although it looks rather ugly at first, is very useful, and if I were near it this dry summer, I would carry it all home, to water the garden with at Stratford, and it would be sure to drown all the blights, *Mayflies* and all.

I remember that, when I saw the sea it used sometimes to be very fussy, and fidgety, and did not always wash itself quite clean; but it was very fond of fun. Have the waves ever run after you yet, and turned your two little shoes into pumps, full of water?

There are no flowers, I suppose, on the beach, or I would ask you to bring me a bouquet, as you used at Stratford. But there are little crabs! If you could catch one for me, and teach it to dance the polka, it would make me quite happy; for I have not had any toys or playthings for a long time. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is good fun; never mind tumbling over yourself a little at first. It would be a good plan to hire a little crab, for an hour a day, to teach

baby to crawl, if he can't walk, and if I were his mamma, I *would* too! Bless him! But I must not write on him any more—he is so soft, and I have nothing but steel pens.

And now good-bye,—Fanny has made my tea and I must drink it before it gets too hot, as we *all* were last Sunday week. They say the glass was 88 in the shade, which is a great age! The last fair breeze I blew dozens of kisses for you, but the wind changed, and I am afraid took them all to Miss H—— or somebody that it shouldn't. Give my love to everybody and my compliments to all the rest, and remember, I am, my dear May,

Your loving friend,

Thomas Hood.

P. S.—Don't forget my little crab to dance the polka, and pray write to me as soon as you can if it's only a line.

1. By whom, and to whom was this letter written? What was the writer's feeling toward the little girl?
2. What do you especially like in the letter?

Write a letter to a baby you know well, imitating the style of Hood's letter as much as you wish.

STUDY 93

Letter Writing

TO A FRIEND

On your birthday you gave a party. Write to a friend about it. Tell of your guests, the games you played, and anything else you recall.

STUDY 94**Spelling and Punctuation—Review****JUDGING BY APPEARANCES**

A humming-bird met a butterfly. Being pleased with the butterfly's beauty and the glory of his wings, she proposed that they should always be friends.

"I cannot think of it," said the butterfly, "as you once spurned me and called me a crawling dolt."

"Impossible," exclaimed the humming bird, "I always had the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"You may have now," said the butterfly, "but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar. Let me give you a piece of advice. Never insult the humble; it is rude and unkind; besides, they may be better than they seem."

Prepare to give reason for such marks of punctuation as your teacher directs, and to write the story from dictation.

Find the direct quotations, and write them in the indirect form.

STUDY 95**Choice of Words**

From the pair of alternate words in each of the following sentences select the correct one, and be prepared to give a reason for your choice:

1. A bushel of apples (was, were) sold.
2. There (was, were) three of us on the sled.

3. (Doesn't, don't) the boys have shop-work to-day?
4. Each child is in (his, their) seat.
5. I shall (learn, teach) you this trick.
6. (Was, were) you there yesterday?
7. (Doesn't, don't) Harry stand well?
8. Every child is in (his, their) seat.
9. You may (learn, teach) me to play the game.
10. Everyone can do this if (they, he) (try, tries).

STUDY 96

Addressing Envelopes

Cut papers the size and shape of envelopes and write addresses for the following:

1. Mr. Thomas L. Moore, Washburn, Wis.
2. Miss Gertrude Power, 2 Randolph Place, Boston, Mass.
3. Master Harold L. Clements, 1118 West 32nd St., Chicago, Ill.
4. Mrs. Agnes Hopkins, 452 Oxford St. W., London, England.
5. Miss Eva Roberts, 492 New Jersey Av., N. W., Washington, D. C.
6. Messrs. Jones and Smith, 302 Nicollet Av., Minneapolis, Minn.
7. Your next door neighbor.
8. The governor of your state.

STUDY 97

Written Composition

THE CIRCUS

Select one of the three exercises about the circus. Do not simply answer these questions, but write a story of what they may suggest to you.

1. The circus was coming to town. The men put up the bills. What pictures did you see on these bills? During the morning of the circus there was a parade. Did you see it? When did it start? How long was it? What was in the parade? What animals rode in wagons? Which ones walked? Were any of the men dressed peculiarly? What did they wear? Was there any music? What did the band play? Did you like it?

2. You went to the circus in the afternoon. With whom did you go? What was the tent like? What did the men in the ring do? What did the horses do? What did the elephants or monkeys do? Was there a clown? What did he do that was really funny? What did you like best during the whole afternoon?

3. The afternoon you visited the circus, did you stay a long time among the cages of the animals? Name the animals that you saw. Were they quiet, or were they walking about in their cages? Did you see the men feed them? Which animal did you like best? Describe it. Tell just what it did, and why you liked it best.

STUDY 98

Explanation

PUEBLO HOMES

Among the most interesting of the many curious things to be seen on passing through New Mexico and Arizona are the village homes of the Pueblo Indians. Although these Indians are farmers, they always live in villages, built on hillsides several hundred feet above the surrounding country, for better protection against wild animals and other enemies.

Their homes are the strangest in the world. They are built of sun-dried brick or of stone, and they rise one above another, from the side of the hill up to the top, so that they look like the giant steps of a great stairway. Except in the case of the lowest, the entrance to each house is from the roof of the house below, and the people pass from one house to another by means of ladders.

Practically the only playgrounds the little children have are the roofs of the houses. Here the children play their games, and have great sport in running up and down the ladders from house to house. Even the cats and dogs race up and down the ladders and steep stone steps with the children.

Besides raising corn, beans, apricots, and watermelons on their farms, the Pueblo Indians are very skillful in making pottery and baskets. And the beau-

tifully colored blankets which they weave are much sought after by travelers.

1. How many paragraphs in this story? Find the subject of each.
2. Describe the home of the Pueblo Indians.

Write a sketch of a simple dwelling you have seen.

STUDY 99

An Original Story

HALLOWEEN

Tell or write a story of the best Halloween fun you ever had. Remember that really good fun does not cause trouble, or bring discomfort or unhappiness to others.

STUDY 100

Art and Composition

THE PASSING SHOW

Notice where these boys are standing. Find out all you can about how the boys are dressed. What kind of boys are these? Where do they spend most of the time? What are the boys watching?

Name the artist. What do you think of his feeling towards these boys?

Tell the story suggested by this picture.

THE PASSING SHOW

J. G. Brown.



STUDY 101

Letter Writing

TO A FORMER PLAYMATE

Write a letter to a former playmate telling about your last vacation.

STUDY 102

Literature and Composition

NOVEMBER

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,
And the loveliest way-side blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are all dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.

—ALICE CARY.

1. Explain, "birds ceased their calling," "robin will wear . . . a vest," "brooks are all dry and dumb," "some dear joy loses its beauteous summer glow."
2. Tell as fully and as clearly as you can the lesson of the poem.
3. After you have studied the poem carefully, compare it with those in Studies 2 and 27. Which do you like best? Why?

STUDY 103

Giving Directions

I am a stranger in your town or city, visiting your school, and wish to go to the best hotel. Direct me how to go. Tell me in as few words as possible, that I may not forget, yet you must make the way plain.

If you live in the country, give clear directions for a stranger going to the nearest store or postoffice.

STUDY 104**Choice of Words**

Copy the following sentences, using only the right word from each pair. Prepare to give a reason for your choice:

1. You (can, may) refer to your books in this recitation.
2. Father said I (might, could) bring Callie to school.
3. You may (sit, set) the can on the table.
4. Thomas (set, sat) the chair near the window and (set, sat) down.
5. You may (sit, set) the brown hen if she will (sit, set).
6. You (may, can) (sit, set) the baby in the carriage.
7. Why do you not (lay, lie) down and rest?
8. If you (lie, lay) down (lie, lay) this wrap over you.
9. Mr. Wilson, (can, may) you spare me some change?
10. Please, (may, can) Ethel and I, (sit, set) together?

STUDY 105**A Story by Suggestion****SIGNS OF AUTUMN**

Write in a connected way of all the signs of autumn that you have noticed.

STUDY 106**Written Composition****INDIAN LIFE**

While studying colonial history, review Indian life and customs, and write upon such topics as:

1. How the Indian Boy Learns to Catch Fish.
2. How the Indians Cooked Their Fish.
3. The Story of My First Bow and Arrow.
4. Making a Canoe.
5. Story of an Indian Cornfield.
6. How We Built Our Wigwam.
7. How Indians Provide for Winter.

STUDY 107**Oral and Written Composition****PENN AND THE INDIANS**

William Penn asked the King of England for a grant of land in the New World. "It shall be given you," said the king; "and it shall be named Pennsylvania."

With a large number of Quakers, Penn crossed the ocean and founded a town. "Let us call it Philadelphia," he said. "We will buy this land of the Indians. It is theirs, even though the king has granted it to us." So the Indians were called together in council with Penn. The meeting was held out of doors under a great tree.

"We have not come to your land," said Penn, "to do you harm. We are all children of the Great Spirit. Let us be brothers." Then the red men and the white men made a treaty of peace.

Now as time went on and the colony grew, the Quakers needed more land. "We must buy of the Indians," observed Penn. So again he called them together.

At first the Indians did not want to sell more land. They were beginning to fear that they might be driven back into the forests if the colony kept on growing. But they loved and trusted William Penn; and so, out of love for him, they said, "We will sell you as much land as a man can run around in one day." For this was the Indian way of surveying.

Now it chanced that there was among the Quakers one youth who was a "champion runner," as our college boys would say. He set out to measure off the purchase of land. Faster and faster he ran. The Indians looked on in surprise.

"He has wings!" exclaimed one.

"He does not run, he flies," remarked another. Then the Indians grew sullen.

"We are cheated," they protested to Penn.

"But have we not done as you said?" asked Penn. The Indians could not say it was not so. Still they were dissatisfied and angry.

"The bargain is fair," cried one of the Quakers. "Let us force these savages to stand by their agreement!"

"*Force!*" answered Penn. "And what would *force* mean but bloodshed in the future? Is this strip of land worth that to us?" For Penn was a wise as well as a just man.

Then to the Indians he said: "Since this was more land than you meant to give us, what can we give you that will satisfy you? Take what you think you deserve from our stores."

The faces of the Indians brightened. Their hearts were happy again. They took a roll of bright-colored cloth, some ornaments, some fish-hooks, and went away contented. In this way, and with such fair dealing, the Quakers won and kept the trust of the Indians.

1. Give the meaning of *Pennsylvania, founded, Philadelphia, colony, surveying, sullen, ornaments*.

2. Who were the early Quakers? How were they different from other people?

Find all you can about the dealings between the Quakers and the Indians, and write a brief account of what you learn.

STUDY 108

Written Composition

PIONEER LIFE

After studying early colonial life, imagine yourself one of the early settlers, and write about such of the following topics as your teacher directs:

1. Our First Crop of Corn.
2. Our First Winter in America.

3. Our Indian Friends.
4. How We Made Maple Sugar.
5. How Mother Made My Homespun Suit.
6. How the Pioneers Warmed and Lighted Their Homes.
7. How We Protected the Sheep and Cattle.

STUDY 109

Literature and Composition

THANKSGIVING DAY

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
“Ting-a-ling-ding!”
Hurrah for Thanksgiving-day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving-day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow,—
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

—L. MARIA CHILD.

1. In the poem who is supposed to be speaking?
2. In what part of the country do they live?
3. Why do they go to grandfather's?
4. Try to write another stanza that will go with these.

Write a story about a happy Thanksgiving you have had.

STUDY 110
Original Story

THANKSGIVING DAY

Find all you can about the origin of our Thanksgiving festival, and write a story about "The First Thanksgiving."

STUDY 111**Explanation****—MENDING A SHOE**

You had worn a hole in your shoe, either in the sole or in the upper. Your mother thought it best that you should have it mended, and you took it to the cobbler's shop. Explain what was done in mending your shoe.

STUDY 112**Letter Writing****TO A RELATIVE**

Write a letter to a relative telling about a trip through the Great Lakes on a large steamer, or some other trip you have enjoyed. Make an outline before you try to write the letter.

STUDY 113**Art and Composition****THE PROMISED LAND**

Study this picture and write the story it suggests to you. Make an outline of paragraph topics before you try to fill in the details of the story.

Who painted the picture? Do you think he enjoyed Christmas? How?



THE PROMISED LAND

Lobrichor.

STUDY 114**An Original Story**

Choose one of these three exercises:

1. Give an account of a day in the harvest field.
2. Suppose the cook was away and your mother was ill, so you prepared breakfast. Tell what you prepared and how you did it.
3. Write an account of the care you have given some pet

STUDY 115**Literature and Composition****THE MAGIC MILL**

Once upon a time there lived two brothers, one of whom was rich, and the other poor. Christmas was coming, and the poor man had nothing in the house for a Christmas dinner. So he went to his brother and asked him for a trifling gift.

The rich man was ill-natured, and when he heard his brother's request he looked very surly. But Christmas is a time when even the worst people give gifts. He took a fine ham down from the chimney, where it was hanging to smoke, threw it at his brother, and bade him begone, and never let him see his face again.

The poor man thanked his brother for the ham, put it under his arm, and went his way. He had to pass through a great forest on his way home. When he had reached the thickest part of it, he saw an old man,

with a long, white beard, hewing timber. "Good evening," said he to the old man.

"Good evening," returned the old man, raising himself from his work. "That is a fine ham you are carrying." Then the poor man told him all about it.

"It is lucky for you," said the old man, "that you met me. If you will take that ham into the land of the dwarfs, the entrance to which lies just under the roots of this tree, you can make a capital bargain with it. The dwarfs are very fond of ham, and rarely get any. But mind what I say; you must not sell it for money. Demand for it the 'old hand-mill which stands behind the door.' When you come back, I'll show you how to use it."

The poor man thanked his new friend, who showed him the door under a stone below the roots of the tree. By this door he entered the land of the dwarfs. No sooner had he set foot in it than the dwarfs swarmed about him, attracted by the smell of the ham. They offered him old-fashioned money and gold and silver ore for it. But he refused all their offers, and said he would sell it only for the old hand-mill behind the door. At this the dwarfs looked quite perplexed.

"We cannot make a bargain, it seems," said the poor man, "so I'll bid you all a good day."

The smell of the ham had by this time reached the remote parts of fairy-land. The dwarfs came flocking around in troops, leaving their work of digging out precious ores, eager for the ham.

"Let him have the old mill," said some of the newcomers. "It is quite out of order, and he doesn't know how to use it. Let him have it, and we shall have the ham."

So the bargain was made. The poor man took the old hand-mill, which was a little thing not half so large as the ham, and went back to the woods. Here the old man showed him how to use it. All this had taken up a great deal of time, and it was midnight before he reached home.

"Where have you been?" said his wife. "Here I have been waiting and waiting, and we have no wood to make a fire, nor anything to put into the porridge-pot for our Christmas supper."

The house was dark and cold, but the poor man bade his wife wait and see what would happen. He placed the little hand-mill on the table, and began to turn the crank. First there came out some grand, lighted wax-candles, and a fire on the hearth and a porridge-pot boiling over it, because in his mind he said they should come first. Then he ground out a table-cloth and dishes, spoons, and knives and forks.

He was astonished at his good luck, as you may believe; and his wife was almost beside herself with joy. They had a capital supper; and after it was eaten they ground out of the mill everything to make their house warm and comfortable. So they had a merry Christmas!

The mill also ground out boots and shoes, coats and cloaks, stockings, gowns, and blankets, which the good wife gave to the poor people about them.

After some years a great foreign merchant came, and when he had seen the mill, inquired whether it would grind salt. Being told that it would, he wanted to buy it, for he traded in salt, and thought that, if he owned the mill, he could supply all his customers without taking long and dangerous voyages.

The man would not sell it, of course. He was so rich now that he did not want to use it for himself; but every Christmas he ground out food and clothes, and coal for the poor, and nice presents for the little children. So he rejected all the offers of the rich merchant.

The merchant, however, made up his mind to have the mill. Having bribed one of the man's servants to let him go into the castle at night, he stole the mill and sailed away with it in triumph. He had scarcely got out to sea, before he determined to set the mill to work.

"Now, mill, grind salt," said he; "grind salt with all your might!—Salt, salt, nothing but salt."

The mill began to grind and the sailors to fill the sacks; but these were soon full, and in spite of all that could be done, the salt began to fill the ship. The dishonest merchant was now very much frightened. What was to be done? The mill would not stop grinding. At last the ship was overloaded, and down it went, making a great whirlpool where it sank.

The ship soon went to pieces; but the mill stands on the bottom of the sea, and keeps grinding out “salt, salt, nothing but salt!” That is the reason, say the peasants of Denmark and Norway, why the sea is salt.

—FROM THE NORWEGIAN.

1. Is this story well told? Give reasons for your answer. Can you find a word or sentence you would prefer changed?
2. What words could be substituted for *trifling*, *surly*, *capital*, *attracted*, *perplexed*, *astonished*, *rejected*, *triumph*?
3. Notice the paragraphs. Try to find the subject of each.
4. What is the true explanation of the salt in the sea?

Suppose you had such a mill for a day, write a story telling what you would have it do.

STUDY 116

Memory Quotation

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS

O wise little birds, how do ye know
 The way to go
 Southward and northward, to and fro?

Far up in the ether piped they,
 “We but obey
 One who calleth us far away.

He calleth and calleth year by year,
 Now there, now here;
 Ever He maketh the way appear.”

Dear little birds, He calleth me
Who calleth ye:
Would that I might as trusting be!

—HARRIET MC EWEN KIMBALL.

Write this poem from memory.

STUDY 117

An Original Story

RIDING A BICYCLE

You have learned to ride a bicycle, or have seen someone learn. What happened? Was it easy? Did you like it from the beginning? Relate some funny thing that you have seen happen with a bicycle.

STUDY 118

Choice of Words

Write the following sentences using only the proper word from each pair. Prepare to explain your choice.

1. Young animals (like, love) to play.
2. Most children (like, love) flowers.
3. Vain persons (love, like) fine clothing.
4. Who does not (like, love) ice cream?
5. You (may, can) (take, bring) your books home, but you must (bring, fetch) them back tomorrow.
6. Mary, will you (take, bring) this letter to your mother?

7. James has gone to the library to (bring, fetch) the dictionary.

8. The man said, "I will (learn, teach) you to laugh at me."

9. I cannot (learn, teach) you much unless you (like, love) to learn.

10. Will you (teach, learn) me French if I (teach, learn) you German?

STUDY 119

Letter Writing

INFORMAL INVITATION, ACCEPTANCE, AND REGRETS

Write to a friend asking him to join a sleigh-ride party to which you are inviting a number of your friends. State at what time you will call for him.

Write a note sent by your friend to you, accepting your invitation to the sleigh-ride party.

Write a note sent by your friend regretting he cannot accept your invitation and explaining why.

STUDY 120

Form in Composition

USES OF THE COMMA—REVIEW

Notice the commas in the following sentences. State why you think each one is used. Make rules for these uses of commas, and prepare to write the sentences from dictation.

1. John, Mary, Jane, and Francis are playing by the lake.
2. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.
3. Many natives of Haiti are engaged in raising sugar, tobacco, coffee, and bananas.
4. A little girl said to the beautiful Sun,
"Good morning, good morning, our work is begun."
5. Southern California produces oranges, lemons, peaches, pears, grapes, figs, olives, walnuts, almonds, and many other kinds of fruit and nuts.
6. One of the occupations of the New England farmer is the careful cultivation of tomatoes, sweet corn, potatoes, cucumbers, cabbages, and celery.

STUDY 121**Explanation****A GAME**

The other day you had great sport playing. Explain the game so carefully that a stranger could play it.

STUDY 122**Giving Directions***See*

I am at one of the railroad stations in your town or city, and I wish to go to the post-office. Direct me so clearly that I can make no mistake. Use as few words as possible, but make good sentences.

STUDY 123

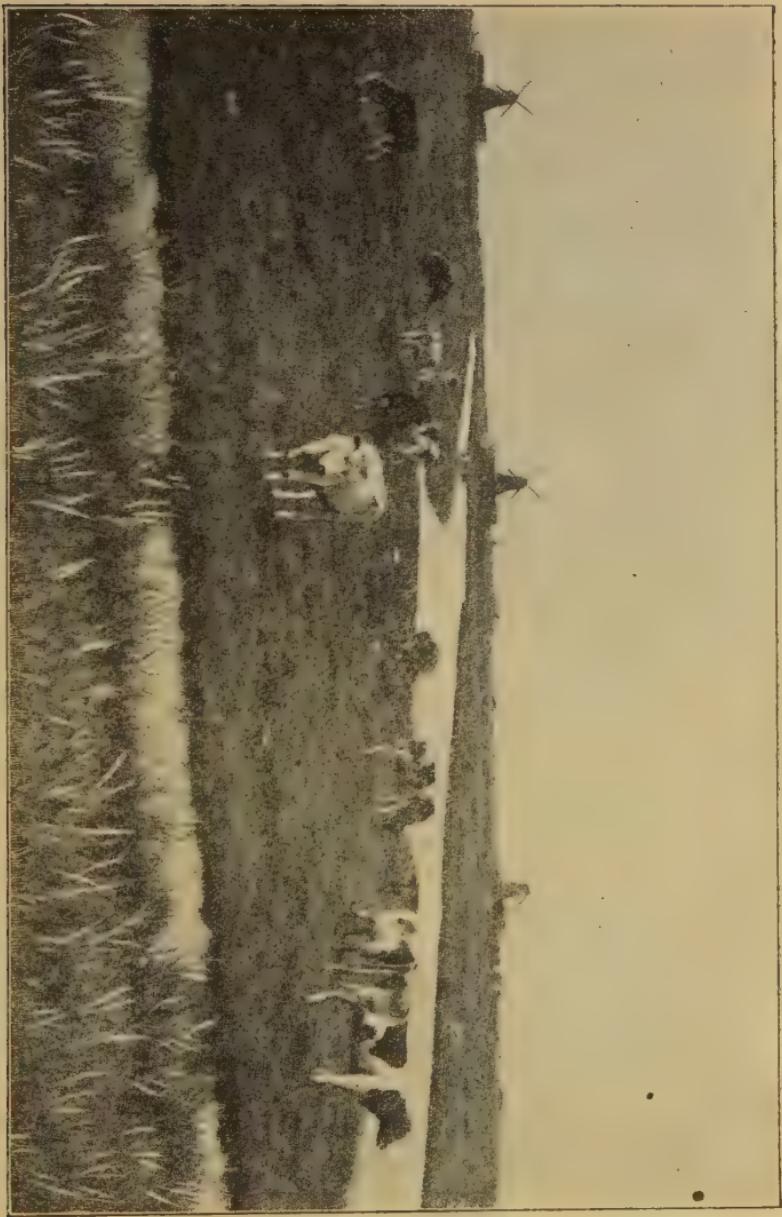
Literature and Composition

HOLLAND

Whoever looks for the first time at a large map of Holland, wonders that this country can continue to exist. At the first glance, it is difficult to say whether Holland belongs more to the continent or to the sea. That broken coast, those deep bays, those great rivers that seem bringing new seas to the sea; and that sea, which penetrates the land and breaks it into archipelagoes; the lakes, the vast morasses, the canals crossing and recrossing each other, all combine to give the idea of a country, that may any moment separate and disappear.

Holland is a conquest made by man over the sea; it is an artificial country; the Dutch made it; it exists because the Dutch preserve it; it will vanish whenever the Dutch shall abandon it. The enemy from which they had to wrest it was triple: the sea, the lakes, the rivers. They drained the lakes, drove back the sea, and imprisoned the rivers.

To drain the lakes the Dutch pressed the air into their service. The lakes, the marshes were surrounded by dykes, the dykes by canals; and an army of windmills putting into motion force pumps, turned the water into the canals, which carried it off to the rivers and sea. Thus vast tracts of land buried under the water, saw the sun, and were transformed, as if



A HOLLAND LANDSCAPE

by magic, into fertile fields, covered with villages, and intersected by canals and roads.

But the most tremendous struggle was the battle with the ocean. Holland is in great part lower than the level of the sea; and consequently, the coast has to be protected by dykes.



But Holland has done more than defend herself against the waters. She has made herself mistress of them, and has used them for her own defense. Should a foreign army invade her territory, she has but to open her dykes and unchain the sea, as she did against the Romans, the Spaniards, and the arms of Louis XVI., and defend the land cities

with her fleet. Over the whole country extends an immense network of canals. Canals run from town to town and surround the fields.

The people of Holland had not only a struggle in claiming their country from the sea, but also with the invading people about them. The Hollanders have been and are to-day, brave, strong and honest.

(ADAPTED.)

—EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

1. What is an *archipelago*? What is a *morass*? a *canal*? a *dyke*? a *force pump*?
2. Why is it difficult to tell whether Holland belongs more to the continent or to the sea? Why are the sea, the lakes, and the rivers called enemies to Holland? How was the "air pressed into service?" In what way is Holland "mistress of the waters?"
3. Study and talk about Holland until it seems as though you had been there.

Write a short story about some of the interesting things you have learned about Holland.

STUDY 124

Explanation

PROVERBS

Much wisdom is often expressed in a simple statement, called a proverb, or maxim. Prepare to explain each of the following proverbs:

1. Lost time is never found.
2. A stitch in time saves nine.
3. Love lightens labor.
4. Labor conquers all things.
5. Small leaks sink great ships.
6. Where there's a will there's a way.
7. Little strokes fell great oaks.
8. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Write a story that shows the truth of any one of these proverbs.

STUDY 125**Art and Composition****THE STUMP SPEECH**

Who are these boys? Do you think they have much or little money to spend? How do they get what money they have? Where are they?

Notice their clothes, their caps, their shoes.

Which boy represents the center of interest in the picture? What is he doing? What do you think he may be talking about? What do the other boys think about it?

Study their faces—what do they tell you?

Name the artist. How well did he know these boys? Was he in sympathy with them?

Tell and write the story suggested by the picture. Try to make your story quite probable, but different from those that others would write.

STUDY 126**Letter Writing****INFORMAL INVITATION, ACCEPTANCE, AND REGRETS**

Write a letter to a friend inviting him or her to visit you. Give some idea of how you intend to entertain your friend.

Write a letter accepting this invitation.

Write another declining this invitation, giving reason, and expressing regret.



THE STUMP SPEECH

J. G. Brown.

STUDY 127

Biography

JOHN G. BROWN, N. A.



In the year 1831, at Bensham in Northern England, there was born a boy who was later to be known as John G. Brown, the American painter of children. His father was a lawyer and did not wish his son to become an artist. Before the child could read or write, he could draw. At nine years of age he sketched an excellent picture of his sister.

When he was thirteen, his father forced him to enter a glass factory, where he was apprenticed for seven years. Although the hours were long, the work hard, and he was young, he so loved to draw that he spent his evenings at the Government School of Design. Part of the seven years was spent in Edinburgh, where too he continued to study each evening. When a baby, his right hand had been seriously scalded. This misfortune made it more difficult for him to work with his pencil and brush; yet he did not become discouraged.

In 1853 he came to New York City. He soon learned to love this country, and became an American in heart. He began work as a glass blower, and with his earnings supported his mother. Evenings, he studied at the Academy of Design. Later he was able to give up his trade, and use all his time in drawing and painting. Even after he possessed a studio in New York City, he walked the long distance from his Brooklyn home to the studio in order to save the car fare.

Mr. Brown draws rapidly and makes his sketch first with charcoal. He always works from a model. If he paints a lemon peel, he has a lemon peel before him; if he paints a boy, he has the boy. The boys with their dogs, their boot-blacking boxes, their newspapers, are willing enough to pass a morning in Mr. Brown's studio, where they always have a good time. They feel free to tell him about their lives, their homes or lack of homes, because they know he is interested in them. He loves children and for forty years has pictured them at their work and play.

Mr. Brown considers "The Passing Show," "The Dress Parade," and "The Stump Speech" his best pictures. "The Stump Speech" was exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago; "The Passing Show," at the Paris Exposition in 1878. Mr. Brown himself says, "'The Passing Show,' did more to make me known all over the world than anything else I ever painted."

Although he has been most interested in boys and girls and especially those boys and girls who must care for themselves, yet he has made excellent pictures of old people. He spends the summer months in Vermont, and has made several pictures of New England farmers. In making these, he prefers to work wherever the scene is, whether in barn, shop, or house. "Four Old Stagers," "Cornered," "What Say," and "A Social Pipe" are the names of four of these pictures of old people.

Give in your own way a sketch of Mr. Brown's life.

Find anything else you can of interest regarding Mr. Brown or his pictures, and write an account for the class. Be sure to tell of the pictures you know, and what you like in them.

STUDY 128

Literature and Composition

THE WIND IN A FROLIC

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! Now for a leap!
Now for a madcap, galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;

And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch ran each with a prize.

Then away to the field it went blustering and hum-
ming,

And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming.
It plucked by their tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colt's manes all over their brows,
Till offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood sulky and mute.
So on it went capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with reeds on the broad river banks;

* Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar and flutter his dirty rags.
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig and the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado
Or it cracked their branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster o'er cottage and farm,
Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their
caps,

To see if their poultry were free from mishaps.
The turkeys they gobbed, the geese screamed aloud.

And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be
gone.

But the wind passed on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy, who panted and struggled in vain,
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and
he stood

With his hat in a pool and his shoe in the mud.

—WILLIAM HOWITT.

1. Did you ever know the wind to frolic? Why is it called a *madcap, galloping chase?* How did it sweep through the town? What did it do to the signs, to shutters, to bonnets, and stalls?

2. Why does it say *merciless*? Who made the lusty shout? Where did the apples and the oranges come from? Who are *urchins*? What are *thievish eyes*? When the wind was tired of the town, where did it go? Why does it say *blustering* and *humming*? Why are the cows called *grave* and *matronly*? What did the wind do to cows and colts? Did you ever see cattle stand thus? Did you ever turn your back to the wind? Why? What does *to caper* mean? Why is it especially appropriate to say *whistling with reeds*?

3. Where did the birds sit? What did the wind do to the traveler? What is the *king's highway*? What does *nice* mean in this connection? Why did it require boldness to joke with the doctor and the gentleman?

4. Where did the wind go next? Did you ever hear the wind *roar*? Usually in what places? Why was it such fun to make the *oaks* bow? How did it punish them if they did not obey? What is a monster? Why does the poem say *like bees*?

5. Why were the kerchiefs over the caps? What did the turkeys do? The geese? Why do you think the hens went to roost? Where were the logs laid? What is a thatched roof? The writer probably lived in what country? Whom did the wind trouble last? How did the boy feel, when the wind had passed? Which of all the frolics do you think the greatest fun?

What do you like about the way in which this story is told? Select the five sentences you like best.

STUDY 129

Written Composition

MY FAVORITE WINTER SPORT

Write fully about your favorite winter sport. Before beginning, make an outline something like the following:

1. Name, time, and place.
2. Persons who take part.
3. What is done.
4. What makes it enjoyable.

STUDY 130

Oral and Written Reproduction

A FAIRY STORY

Tell or write the best fairy story you ever read.

STUDY 131**Spelling and Punctuation**

Prepare to write from dictation:

At the corner I passed three little school girls, and heard one say to the other, "Oh, I wouldn't. She will do well enough, and we shall lose our coasting if we don't hurry."

"But if she should tumble and break her poor old bones, I would feel so sorry," returned the second.

"She is such a queer looking woman, I shouldn't like to be seen walking with her," said the third.

"I don't care, she's old and ought to be helped, and I am going to do it," said the pleasant faced girl. "Please Ma'am, may I help you? It is so slippery here," said the kind little voice.

"Oh, thank you, dear, I had no idea the walking was so bad, but I must get home." The old face lighted up with a grateful smile which was worth a dozen of the best coasts in Boston.

—LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

STUDY 132**Choice of Words**

Of the words at the head of each part, insert the proper one in the blanks.

I, me

1. Thomas is taller than ____.
2. Please, wait for Jessie and ____.

3. You knew that it was —.
4. Mother will come, and — too.
5. Let you and — go together.
6. It was — whom you saw.
7. If you were —, would you like it?
8. Will you go with brother and —?
9. There must be no ill-will between you and —.

10. When you saw James and —, where were we?

He, him

1. His younger brother is taller than —.
2. If you were —, would you go?
3. I wish I were —.
4. That is the matter between you and —.
5. What were you and — talking about?
6. I that speak to thee am —.
7. Few can ride as well as —.

STUDY 133

Letter Writing

TO MOTHER

Your mother is away from home. Write her a letter telling her of the things that will interest her most.

STUDY 134**An Original Story**

Write a story of your own composing. Think of an interesting experience you have had, make an outline of the events in order, then compose your story.

STUDY 135**Written Composition****AN INFERRRED CONVERSATION**

A butcher one day sent his errand boy to deliver a roast of beef to a customer who lived in a distant part of the town. On the way, the boy saw a number of beautiful pigeons sitting on the roof of a stable on the opposite side of the street. Boy-like, he picked up a pebble and threw it at them, when to his great surprise one fell to the ground apparently dead. Now, this boy had no thought of injuring any of them, but simply wished to see them fly and watch their graceful movements as they flew to and fro through the air.

The owner prized these birds very highly, and had placed them under the care of his gardener, who felt very proud of his charge. A number of idle boys of the town had frequently molested these birds, much to the annoyance of the old gardener, who became so exasperated at their conduct that he had made up his mind to have the next offender punished very severely.

In short, so intense had become the feeling that the boys looked upon him as their natural enemy.

The errand boy was well aware of this state of feeling, but he crossed the street and knocked at the garden gate until the gardener opened it. They engaged in conversation for a few moments, and presently the gardener closed the gate, went in, got the dead pigeon, and gave it to the boy, who went down the street.

Using as much of the above story as is necessary, write out in full the conversation that took place, and state why the gardener gave the boy the dead pigeon. Use direct quotations freely.

STUDY 136

Word Picture

Form in your mind the picture here described. What words help to make the picture clear? Draw it, or paint the picture as you imagine it.

The breaking waves dashed high
On the stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

Add to your picture the second part, if you can.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

--MRS. HEMANS

STUDY 137**Art and Composition****WINTER MORNING IN A BARNYARD**

Tell all the signs that it is morning. Is the snow storm over? In what part of the United States do you think this farm is? Is this man a good farmer? Do you think the picture is true to farm life?

Write fully and clearly what the picture tells you.

STUDY 138**Literature and Composition****NORSE LULLABY**

The sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night;
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:

“Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep,”
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
“Sleep, little one, sleep.”

On yonder mountain-side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the vine can hear her sing:

“Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep—
What shall you fear when I am here?
Sleep, little one, sleep.”



WINTER MORNING IN A BARNYARD

C. C. Curran.

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
 The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
 But the little snowflake at my breast
 Liketh the song *I* sing the best—
 Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
 Weary thou art, a-next my heart
 Sleep, little one, sleep.

—EUGENE FIELD.

1. What is meant by *cloak, rustles, gruffly, bitter flight, croon, snowflake at my breast, a-next?*
2. What different things are sung to sleep?

Study this poem carefully for spelling, punctuation, use of capitals, and arrangement. Prepare to write it from dictation.

STUDY 139

Explanation

SHOEING A HORSE

Your favorite horse lost a shoe yesterday. You took him to the blacksmith and had a shoe put on. Tell just what was done at the blacksmith shop.

STUDY 140

Literature and Composition

GONDOLAS

Going on with our journey, the next place we shall visit is Venice, the "City in the Sea." This lies, as we all know, in a shallow part of the Adriatic, and is built upon three large islands and one hundred and

fourteen smaller islands. Instead of streets it has one hundred and fifty canals. The railway on which we arrive crosses a bridge more than two miles long—the wide stretch of water lying between the city and the mainland; and when we go out of the station, instead of finding carriages and cabs in waiting for us, we see the famous long black boats of Venice, called gondolas. There is not a horse, a cab, or a carriage of any kind in all the city. The people go about in gondolas or other kinds of boats, or walk in the alleys, streets, and squares, which are found all over the city. If any one wishes to cross a canal, he can do it by that one of the three hundred and seventy-eight bridges that happens to be most convenient.

The Grand Canal, nearly two miles long, and as broad as a small river, winds through the city. At one end of it is the railway station, and at the other the hotel to which we are going. When we are all ready—four of us, with our baggage, in each gondola—the two gondoliers, one standing at the stern and the other at the bow, push upon their long oars and send us skimming over the water. We shall not make the whole tour of the Grand Canal, but soon leaving it, we glide into one of the side canals, and thread our way swiftly along, between tall houses rising right up out of the water, under bridges, around corners, past churches, and open squares filled with

busy people—grazing, but never touching, other gondolas going in the opposite direction, until we shoot out into the lower part of the Grand Canal, near its junction with the lagoon, or bay, in which Venice lies. Far away are islands, purple in the distance; vessels sail about with brightly colored sails, often red or orange; gondolas shoot here, there, and everywhere; and a little farther down, large ships and steamers lie at anchor. Our gondolas skim round with a sweep, and stop at the hotel steps, which come down into the water.

There are few things about Venice that will be more directly interesting to us than the gondolas, which constitute a peculiar and delightful feature of the city. If ordinary rowboats were substituted for gondolas, Venice would lose one of its greatest charms. These boats, which are truly Venetian, and are used nowhere else but here, are very long, narrow, and light. The passengers, of whom there seldom are more than four, sit on softly cushioned seats in the middle of the boat, the portion occupied by them being generally covered in cold or rainy weather by a little cabin, something like a carriage-top, with windows at the sides and a door in front. In hot weather, when the sun shines, this cabin-top is taken off, and its place supplied by a light awning. Very often, however, neither is needed, and at such times the gondola is most enjoyable.

.At the bow of every gondola rises a high steel af-fair, brightly polished, which looks like an old-fash-ioned halberd or sword-axe; these are placed here principally because it has always been the fashion to have them, and they are also useful in going under bridges; if the *ferro*, as the handsome steel prow is called, can go under a bridge without touching, the rest of the gondola will do so also. There is but one color for a gondola, and that is black; this, especially when the black cabin is on, gives it a very somber appearance. But when their white or bright-colored awnings are up, or when they have neither canopy nor awning, their appearance is very cheerful.

There is nothing funereal, however, about the gondoliers, of whom there is generally one to each gondola. It is only when the boat is heavily laden, or when great speed or style is desired, that there are two of them. The gondolier stands in the stern, as we have so often seen him in pictures, and rests his oar on a crotched projection at the side of the boat; he leans forward, throwing his weight upon his oar, and thus sends his light craft skimming over the water. As he sways forward and back, sometimes apparently on one foot only, it seems as if he were in danger of tumbling off the narrow end of the boat; but he never does. The dexterity with which he steers his craft, always with his oar on one side, is astonishing. He shoots around corners, giving, as

he does so, a very peculiar shout to tell other gondoliers that he is coming; in narrow places he glides by other boats, or close up to houses, without ever touching anything; and when he has a straight course, he pushes on and on, and never seems to be tired.

Gondoliers in the service of private families, and some of those whose boats are for hire, dress in very pretty costumes of white or light-colored sailor clothes, with a broad collar and a red or blue sash; these, with a straw hat and long floating ribbons, give the gondolier a very gay appearance, which counter-balances in a measure the somberness of his boat.

The reason that the gondolas are always black is this: in the early days of Venice the rich people were very extravagant, and each one of them tried to look finer than any one else; among their other rivalries, they decked out their gondolas in very gorgeous fashion. In order to check this absurd display, there was a law passed in the fifteenth century decreeing that every gondola, no matter whether it belonged to a rich man or a poor one, should be entirely black; and since that time every gondola has been black.

(ADAPTED.)—FRANK R. STOCKTON.

1. In your geography find the Adriatic Sea and Venice.
2. Which is the stern of the boat? Which the bow? What do you judge of the motion of the gondola, when it says "we glide into one of the side canals," or again, "send us skimming over the water?" What other word of action is used to tell of the gondola's motion?

3. Can you imagine you see "vessels with brightly colored sails, often red or orange?" What is a canopy? Explain "crotched projection." What makes the gondolier sway backward and forward? What makes the way he steers his boat, wonderful? Describe the dress of the gondolier.

4. Copy five sentences that seem to you especially strong, clear, lively, or picturesque descriptions.

Tell this description of Venice and the gondolas as though you were entertaining someone who had neither seen Venice nor had read about the city. Make the description clear.

STUDY 141

Memory Quotation

While learning this stanza notice the punctuation and capitals. Write from memory:

The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

—ADDISON.

So nīgh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

—R. W. EMERSON.

STUDY 142**Writing a Report****MY FIRST FLOWER GARDEN**

Every child should try to grow some flowers. If you have not done so, plant some as soon as you can. Then write an account of what you did, how you did it, and what came of it.

STUDY 143**Original Story****THE FAMILY LIFE OF THE ROBIN**

Observe a pair of robins, or other birds, while they are building their nest, sitting on the eggs, and caring for the young. Then write the story of "The Family Life of the Robins." See Study 19.

STUDY 144**Literature and Composition****AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING**

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?

In the spring?

An English apple orchard in the spring?

When the spreading trees are hoary

With their wealth of promised glory,

And the mavis sings its story

In the spring?

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?

And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds bursting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby-white,
Just to touch them a delight—
In the spring?

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?

Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft calling,
In the spring?

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring,
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.
No such sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring.

—WILLIAM MARTIN.

1. Of whom are the questions asked? What answer would you make to them? What are *spreading* trees? What is it to be *hoary*? What made them so? What does *wealth* mean here? What glory had it, and what was promised? What story do the birds tell in spring?

2. How can one catch odors? Express in your own words *subtle odors*. What does the fourth line, second stanza, mean? What words describe petals?

3. What were the *cascades*? Do the brooklets *brawl* more in the spring? Why?

4. Who is the *I* in the last stanza? Give another word for *render*. What do the *blossoms render*?

Write about some of the spring experiences you most enjoy.

Memorize the poem.

STUDY 145

Description

A HORSE

You have lost a horse or a pony. Describe the animal so clearly that it could be recognized.

STUDY 146

Choice of Words

From the words at the head of each part, select the right one with which to fill each blank:

We, us

1. May —— boys go for a drive to-night?
2. The boys play out-doors more than ——.
3. The Abbotts, as well as ——, are going.
4. Did you see the photograph of —— girls in costume?

5. Everyone is invited except —.
6. James said he knew it was —.
7. The officers have more responsibility than —.
8. They know that as well as —.

She, her

1. You are older than —.
2. I would not go if I were —.
3. It was — or Jane who did it.
4. With Ethel and — there is no trouble.
5. We expect better things from such as —.
6. Women like you and — can understand.
7. Do you think you can play as well as —?

STUDY 147

Form in Composition

USE OF THE APOSTROPHE—REVIEW

Give the reason for the use of the apostrophes in these sentences. Prepare to write from dictation:

1. Cinderella's coach came along.
2. The old man's gaze seemed to be directed to the beech tree.
3. I had seen her in the milliner's shop.
4. Helen's face grew wistful and there was a tone of gentle reproach in her voice.
5. Such nights as these try men's souls.
6. We followed the girl's directions.
7. Between the dark and the daylight is the children's hour.

STUDY 148

Literature and Composition

THE WIND AND THE MOON

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out!

You stare

In the air

Like a ghost in a chair,

Always looking what I am about—

I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon;

So, deep

On a heap

Of clouds to sleep

Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,

Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!

On high

In the sky,

With her one ghost eye,

The Moon shone white and alive and plain.

Said the Wind, "I'll blow you out again."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.

In the air

Nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare;

Far off and silent the shy stars shone—

Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind then took to his revels once more;
 On down
 In town,
 Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar,
“What’s that?”—The glittering thread once more.

He flew in a rage—he danced and he blew;
 But in vain
 Was the pain
 Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
 And shone
 On her throne
 In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: “What a marvel of power am I!
 With my breath,
 Good faith,
 I blew her to death—
First blew her right away out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!”

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

—GEORGE MAC DONALD.

1. Why did the wind wish to blow out the moon? Has the moon ever stared at you? Why do you suppose the wind disliked to be watched? Why does he call her a ghost?
2. What kind of night must it have been? What happened to the moon when it went out? Did you ever hear the wind muttering? What have you heard it say? What lines in these stanzas rhyme? What do you notice about the last word in the first and last lines?
3. She was *where* again? How did the moon shine?
4. What is meant by *the thread was gone*? What is a *moonbeam bare*? What words describe the stars? Do you think them appropriate? Why? Who thinks the last line?
5. Describe the frolic of the wind. In what way does he resemble a *merry-mad clown*? What is meant by *on down*? What startled him?
6. Why was the wind angry? How did it affect him to become angry? What was the *moon-scrap*?
7. How could the moon *fill the night*? What does *alone* mean? Find all the words in this stanza that describe the moon.
8. What shows you the wind was vain? What did he mean by *good faith*?
9. What really happened to the moon? Was she unhappy because the wind tried to blow her out?

Write a description of the night, the appearance of the heavens, the moon, and the action of the wind.

STUDY 149**Description and Story**

There is a brook, river, or lake, near your home, or near where you have visited in the summer. Describe it so we may see it. Write an interesting story of some experience you have had in connection with this body of water.

STUDY 150**Letter Writing**

TO A FRIEND

You are going away to school next year. Write to some friend about it, and tell of your expectations for the year.

STUDY 151**Form in Composition****THE APOSTROPHE IN CONTRACTIONS—REVIEW**

In preparing this exercise, notice the apostrophes. What does each one show in the sentences? Write from dictation:

1. Where there's a will there's a way.
2. "I'm to be queen o' the May, Mother,
I'm to be queen o' the May."
3. "Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good."
4. It's a long lane that has no turning.

STUDY 152**Art and Composition****PIPER AND NUTCRACKERS**

Have you watched squirrels? Have you noticed their tails? their teeth? their feet? What do they eat? Where do they live? What are their habits?

Who painted this picture? What were his favorite subjects?

After studying and talking about these interesting animals, write about them, either describing them, or telling what you have known them to do.

STUDY 153**Description****A DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY**

You have driven through the country in June to attend a picnic. Describe what you enjoyed through sight, through smell, through hearing.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.



PIPER AND NUTCRACKERS

Landseer.

STUDY 154

Literature and Composition

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,
Outward sunshine, inward joy,—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,

Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung; {
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks.
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,

Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat.
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,

Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

1. Tell, "Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace" in other words. Do you like the poet's choice of words in this line? Why? Explain the meaning of "From my heart I give thee joy." In what sense is the boy a "Prince?" Explain "The grown-up man only is *republican*." In what way has the boy greater possession than the millionaire?

2. Tell the things the poet mentions as "knowledge never gained at schools." How many of these things do you know? Why is it fitting to speak of the black wasp as a *mason*? What are the "architectural plans" of the gray hornet? What is the meaning of *artisans? eschewing*?

3. In the following lines what does nature represent?

"Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks
Face to face with her he talks
Part and parcel of her joy."

4. How does a boy "crowd years in one brief moon?" List the things in the section beginning "Oh for boyhood's time of June," that the boy thinks are made for him. What is there about this boy that makes these things his possessions?

5. Try to explain the following lines:

"Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew."

6. Explain also:

"All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil."

7. Find five words by which the poet names the boy.

Describe this boy as the poem makes you see him:

1. Where he lives.
2. How he lives.
3. How he is being educated.
4. What he possesses that is of great value to him.

STUDY 155

Literature and Composition

THE STORY OF GRACE DARLING

In the month of September, in the year 1838, the *Forfarshire*, a steam-vessel, proceeding from Hull in England to Dundee in Scotland, encountered some rough weather off the north coast of England. The vessel not being strong, and the machinery of the steam-engine being defective, she was wrecked on

the rocks. Many of the crew and passengers were washed off the deck and drowned. In a situation of such great peril, no one expected to escape.

Early in the morning, the family who dwelt in the North Sunderland lighthouse, beheld the vessel upon the rocks, with a powerful sea beating upon her, which threatened her with complete destruction.



GRACE DARLING

Zobel.

Darling, the keeper of the lighthouse, would fain have gone in his boat to rescue a few of the distressed passengers, but he despaired of carrying his little bark through such a heavy sea. When yielding to the difficulties before him, he was encouraged to make the attempt by his daughter Grace, a girl of twenty-two years of age, who offered to accompany him and work

one of the oars. They went; they reached the vessel; nine persons trusted their lives to the boat; and, in spite of the raging of the sea, the whole party arrived safe at the lighthouse, where every necessary kindness was shown to the persons who had been rescued.

As no other persons were saved from the wreck, it may be concluded that these would have perished, had it not been for the heroism of Grace Darling, who was willing to risk her own life rather than allow so many fellow-creatures to sink before her eyes, without an effort being made in their behalf. The generous conduct of this young woman attracted much attention. Her praises were for a time in every mouth. Artists flocked to her lonely dwelling to take her portrait, and depict the scene in which she had been engaged. A sum exceeding five hundred pounds, collected by subscription, was presented to her; and some of the most eminent persons in the land wrote letters to her, containing warm expressions of regard.

It is probable that her name and her heroic act will not soon be forgotten, for less admirable actions which took place several thousand years ago are still remembered. Yet this excellent girl, as modest as she was brave, was heard to remark that she never would have supposed she had done anything surprising, if her conduct had not been so much spoken of by others.

—ANONYMOUS.

1. On the map of Great Britain find Hull, Dundee, and Sunderland. Is this probably a stormy coast? Why?

2. Is this story well told? Give reasons for your answer.
3. Select the sentences that tell most in a few words.
4. If possible, give reasons for the division into paragraphs.

Supposing yourself to be the father of Grace Darling, write the story as you think he would tell it.

STUDY 156

Written Composition

A STORY OF A HORSE

Write a story about a horse you have known, or of which you have read. First make an outline for the story.

STUDY 157

Original Composition

AN ANIMAL STORY

Write the story of a dog or a cat you have known. Make drawings to illustrate your story.

STUDY 158

Dictation and Review

THE TREE

The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown:
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping
down.

“No, let them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,”
Prayed the Tree, while it trembled from rootlet to
crown.

The Tree bore its blossoms and all the birds sung:
“Shall I take them away?” said the Wind, as it swung.
“No, let them alone
Till the berries have grown,”
Said the Tree, while its leaflets, quivering, hung.

The Tree bore its fruit in the midsummer glow:
Said the girl, “May I gather thy sweet berries now?”
“Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,”
Said the Tree, while it bent down its laden boughs low.

—BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSEN.

Study this poem carefully. Account for the punctuation wherever you can. Prepare to write from dictation.

STUDY 159

Choice of Words

From the words at the head of each part of this study, select the proper one with which to fill each blank:

They, them

1. We are not so strong as ____.
2. He seemed sure it was ____.
3. Could it have been ____ that called?
4. None are better prepared than ____.

5. You and —— must decide the matter.
6. Frank saw Charles and —— together.
7. None are so blind as —— that won't see.

Who, whom

1. —— did you see?
2. Do you know —— I am?
3. I am he —— you seek.
4. It was I —— they wanted.
5. Was it the clerk —— you saw?
6. Do you know —— to send?
7. —— do you take me to be?

STUDY 160

Literature and Composition

THE BLUEBIRD

When Nature made the bluebird she wished to make the sky and earth friends. So she gave him the color of the one on his back, and the hue of the other on his breast. She ordered that his appearance in spring should tell that the strife and war between earth and sky was at an end.

He is the peace bringer; in him the earth and sky shake hands and are fast friends. He means the furrow and the warmth; he means all the soft, wooing influences of the spring on the one hand, and the retreating footsteps of winter on the other. In New

York and in New England the sap starts up in the sugar-maple the very day the bluebird arrives, and sugar-making begins forthwith.

The bluebird is the first bit of color that cheers our northern landscape. The other birds that arrive about the same time—the sparrow, the robin, the phœbe bird, are clad in neutral tints; gray, brown, or russet; but the bluebird brings one of the primary hues, and the divinest of them all.

The bluebird usually builds its nest in a hole in a stump or stub, or in an old cavity dug out by a wood-pecker, when such can be had; but its first impulse seems to be to start in the world in much more style, and the happy pair make a great show of house-hunting about the farm buildings. Now they think they will take a dove-cot, then they will discuss a last year's swallow's nest. We hear them announce with much flourish and flutter that they have taken the wren's house, or the tenement of the purple martin. Finally nature becomes too urgent, when all this pretty make-believe ceases. Most of them settle back upon the old family stumps and knot-holes in remote fields, and go to work in earnest.

It is very pretty to watch them build a nest. The male is very active in hunting out a place and exploring the boxes and cavities. He seems to have no choice in the matter, and is anxious only to please and encourage his mate, who knows what will do and what will not.

After she has suited herself, away the two go in search of material for the nest. The male acts as guard, flying ahead and above the female. She brings all the material and does all the work of building. He looks on and encourages her with gesture and song. She enters the nest with her bits of dry grass and straw, and having placed it to her notion, withdraws and waits near by while he goes in and looks it over. On coming out he exclaims very plainly, "Excellent! excellent!" and away the two go again for more material.

—JOHN BURROUGHS.

1. What do you like in Burrough's descriptions and explanations? Point out some sentences in this extract that particularly please you, and indicate why you like them.
2. See whether you can find the topic of each paragraph. Could any of these paragraphs be improved by division?
3. What different terms has he used in referring to color? Why do you think he does this?
4. Show that the following words are well chosen: *wooing, divinest, announce, exploring, anxious*.

Make your own observation of the nesting of any pair of birds, and write an account of what you see.

Whoever you are, be noble;
Whatever you do, do well;
Whenever you speak, speak kindly,
Give joy wherever you dwell. —RUSKIN.

Memory Quotation**DANDELIONS**

There surely is a gold mine somewhere
under the grass,
For dandelions are popping out in every
place you pass.
But if you want to gather some you'd better
not delay,
For the gold will turn to silver soon and
all will blow away.

Memory Quotation**FROM PIPPA PASSES**

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on her thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

PART THREE

STUDY 161

Literature and Composition

THE ARAB AND HIS STEED

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark
and fiery eye;

Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged
speed,

I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my
Arab steed.

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy
wind,

The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—thy master hath
his gold—

Fleet-limb'd and beautiful! farewell! thou'rt sold, my
steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! those free untired limbs full many a mile
must roam,

To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the
stranger's home;

Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and
bed prepare;

The silky mane I braided once must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more
with thee

Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we
were wont to be;

Evening shall darken on the earth; and o'er the sandy
plain

Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me
home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild free breeze, the brilliant
sun and sky,

Thy master's home—from all of these my exiled one
must fly.

Thy proud, dark eye will grow less proud, thy step
become less fleet,

And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's
hand to meet.

Only in sleep, shall I behold that dark eye glancing
bright;

Only in sleep, shall hear again that step so firm and
light;

And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer
thy speed,

Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou'rt *sold*, my
Arab steed.

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie like crested waves, along thy panting side;
And the rich blood, that's in thee, swells in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each startled vein.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free.
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now, command thee to return?

Return! alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master do,
When thou, whowert his all of joy, hath vanish'd from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears,
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false mirage appears.

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary step alone,

Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft hast
borne me on!

And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and
sadly think,

It was *here* he bow'd his glossy neck when last I saw
him drink!

When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fever'd
dream is o'er;

I could not live a day, and *know* that we should meet
no more!

They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power
is strong,

They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too
long.

Who said that I had given thee up? who said that
thou wert sold?

'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them
back their gold.

Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the dis-
tant plains; —

Away! who overtakes us now shall claim *thee* for
his pains!

—MRS. NORTON.

1. What do you know about Arabs and their horses?
2. What has this man done? What led him to do it? How is he feeling about it?
3. By what different names does he call his horse? Select the words and phrases used in describing it.

4. What words and phrases most express the Arab's feelings?
5. Explain *fiery*, *impatient*, *exiled*, *chide*, *foam-wreaths*, *indignant*, *vanished*, *mirage*, *fever'd*, *scour*.
6. After studying the poem, memorize the part you like best.

Write a short essay on "Arabs and Their Horses."

STUDY 162

Form in Composition

DICTATION EXERCISE

Prepare to write from dictation:

"Get up, Antaeus! Bestir yourself, you lazy old giant! Here comes another giant as strong as you are to fight with you.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" growled the sleepy giant.
"I'll have my nap out, come who may."

"Get up, get up, get up!" they cried. "Up with you, lazy bones! The strange giant's club is bigger than your own, his shoulders are the broader and we think him the stronger of the two."

No sooner did he set eye on the stranger than, leaping to his feet, and seizing his walking-stick, he strode a mile or two to meet him; all the while brandishing the sturdy pine-tree, so that it whistled through the air.

"Who are you, I say?" roared Antaeus again.
"What's your name? Why do you come hither?
Speak, you vagabond, or I'll try the thickness of your
skull with my walking-stick."

"You are a very discourteous giant," answered the
stranger quietly, "and I shall probably have to teach
you a little civility before we part. As for my name,
it is Hercules."

(Adapted.) From "The Pygmies," by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Notice particularly the use of commas, apostrophes, exclamation marks, and hyphens.

If you have read or been told the story of Hercules be prepared to tell it.

STUDY 163

Art and Composition

A FRIEND OF THE BIRDS.

Did you ever see a table and a chair like these?
Describe them. Where do you think the window is?

Do you think the old man bought the cages? Why?
What is he doing? What kind of man do you think
he is?

Who is the child? Notice her chair. What does
her face tell you?

Mention the things on the shelf.

Describe the old man's clothing.

Write the story that the picture tells you.



FRIEND OF THE BIRDS

Mueller.

- draiay

STUDY 164

An Original Story

A VACATION EXPERIENCE

It was a beautiful morning; the sun shone brightly over the prairie in a little, out-of-the-way town in Kansas, where I was spending my vacation. When I had finished my breakfast, I decided to take a walk and aimlessly followed a little stream that ran near the house at which I was staying.

As I was passing under a large hackberry tree that grew by the side of the stream, I was startled by the loud screaming of a bird. Looking up I saw a red-headed woodpecker feebly struggling at the decayed broken top of the tree, as though it were trying to get away from something. It seemed in great distress, and upon looking closer, I saw that a large bullsnake had wrapped itself around the bird and was slowly squeezing it to death.

What could I do? Nearly the whole of the snake's body was hidden within the hollow trunk of the tree. Hardly knowing why, I began throwing sticks and stones at the place where they were. Soon a large stone struck a branch above them and fell directly upon them. The snake released the bird and withdrew into the tree.

The woodpecker fell to the ground; and when I picked it up, I thought it was dying. Soon, however, it began to breathe deeply. Then it opened its eyes,

raised its head, and clutched at my fingers with its claws. In a few minutes it sat up, looked timidly about, spread its wings, and flew to a branch in the tree. Then, as if remembering its narrow escape, it darted away down the stream and disappeared among the trees.

—D. J.

1. The above is a true story written by a girl fourteen years of age. What special title would you give the story?
2. Is the story well told? Prepare to give reasons for your answer.
3. Find the topic of each paragraph. Would you wish to make fewer or more paragraphs? Could anything be omitted without marring the story?
4. Are the events told in the order in which they occurred? Does the story move freely? Is it interesting to the end? Why?

After you have studied this carefully write a story of some vacation experience of your own, or of some one you know.

STUDY 165

Literature and Composition

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS

One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red and the other black, fiercely *contending* with each other. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled, and wrestled, and rolled on the chips without ceasing.

Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such *combatants*; that it was not a duel but a battle—a war between two races of ants, the red always *pitted* against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black.

The *legions* of these rough warriors covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever seen, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging; a civil war—the red republicans on the one hand, and the black *imperialists* on the other.

On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so *resolutely*. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embrace, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out.

The smaller red *champion* had fastened himself like a vise to his *adversary's* front, and through all the tumblings on that field, never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already *divested* him of several of his members.

They fought with more grit than bulldogs. Neither

showed the least *disposition* to retreat. It was *evident* that their battle-cry was, Conquer or die!

(Adapted.)

—HENRY D. THORFAU.

1. Read the story through carefully, using the dictionary for words you do not understand.
2. Try to find good substitutes for the italicized words.
3. Make a list of the paragraph topics.
4. Do you like the way in which the story is told? Give as many reasons as you can for your answer.

Write a story of any struggle you have seen between animals.

STUDY 166

Letter Writing

TO A RELATIVE

You visited with an aunt and uncle during part of your vacation. Write to one of them expressing your thanks for the good time you had. Tell them what you are doing now, and any other matter that you think will interest them. Be careful to have your letter in good form as to heading, salutation, paragraphing, and complimentary close.

STUDY 167

Literature and Composition

MY KINGDOM

Down by a shining water well

I found a very little dell,

No higher than my head.

The heather and the gorse about

In summer bloom were coming out,

Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea;
The little hills were big to me;
For I am very small.

I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down,
And named them one and all.



EVENING

Marcke

And all about was mine, I said,
The little sparrows overhead,
The little minnows too.

This was the world and I was king;
For me the bees came by to sing,
For me the swallows flew.

I played there were no deeper seas
Nor any wider plains than these,

Nor other kings than me.

At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at evenfall,

To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my dimpled water well,

And leave my heather blooms.

Alas! and as my home I neared,
How very big my nurse appeared,

How great and cool the rooms!

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

1. About how old is the person represented as speaking in the poem? In what country must he have been?
2. Explain *shining*, *dell*, *heather*, *gorse*, *caverns*, *evenfall*.
3. How could the child make this little dell seem what he represents it to have been to him? To what extent can you imagine the place he describes?
4. Account for the title of the poem.

Write a story about something you have done like that of which Stevenson tells in the poem.

STUDY 168

Literature and Composition

A CHARACTER SKETCH

Jo immediately sat up, put her hands in her pockets, and began to whistle.

“Don’t Jo; it’s so boyish!”

“That’s why I do it.”

"I detest rude, unlady-like girls!"

"I hate affected, niminy-piminy chits!"

"Birds in their little nests agree," sang Beth, the peacemaker, with such a funny face that both sharp voices softened to a laugh, and the "pecking" ended for that time.

"Really, girls, you are both to be blamed," said Meg, beginning to lecture in her elder-sisterly fashion. "You are old enough to leave off boyish tricks, and to behave better, Josephine. It didn't matter so much when you were a little girl; but now that you are so tall, and turn up your hair, you should remember that you are a young lady."

"I'm not! and if turning up my hair makes me one, I'll wear it in two tails till I'm twenty," cried Jo, pulling off her net, and shaking down a chestnut mane. "I hate to think I have to grow up and be Miss March, and wear long gowns, and look as prim as a china-aster! It's bad enough to be a girl, anyway, when I like boys' games and work and manners! I can't get over my disappointment in not being a boy; and it's worse than ever now, for I'm dying to go out and fight with Papa, and I can only stay at home and knit, like a poky old woman!"

Fifteen-year-old Jo was very tall, thin, and brown, and reminded one of a colt, for she never seemed to know what to do with her long limbs, which were very much in her way. She had a decided mouth, a comical nose, and sharp, grey eyes, which appeared to see

everything, and were by turns fierce, funny, or thoughtful. Her long, thick hair was her one beauty; but it was usually bundled into a net, to be out of her way. Round shoulders had Jo, big hands and feet, a fly-away look to her clothes, and the uncomfortable appearance of a girl who was rapidly shooting up into a woman, and didn't like it.

"Jo! Jo! Where are you?" cried Meg, at the foot of the garret stairs.

"Here!" answered a husky voice from above; and, running up, Meg found her sister eating apples and crying over the "Heir of Redclyffe," wrapped up in a comforter on an old three-legged sofa by the sunny window. This was Jo's favorite refuge; and here she loved to retire with half a dozen russets and a nice book, to enjoy the quiet and the society of a pet rat that lived near by, and didn't mind her a particle. As Meg appeared, Scrabble whisked into his hole. Jo shook the tears off her cheeks, and waited to hear the news.

—LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

1. Notice how clear a picture this gives you of Jo.
2. Copy some of the sentences that are most strongly descriptive.
3. Write your own description of Jo, quoting from the model such sentences as you need to make your description strong and true.

Without naming the person, write a description of the appearance and manner of someone you know well.

STUDY 169**Art and Composition****FEEDING HER BIRDS**

To what country do you think these people belong? What is the mother doing? What kind of spoon is she using?

Whose turn do you think it is next? Do you think the children are happy? Are they selfish or unselfish? What makes you think so?

Notice the children's clothes. Study the mother's dress.

What time of day do you think it is? Give reasons for your answer.

What else do you see in the picture?

Write three or four short paragraphs suggested by the picture.

STUDY 170**Memory Quotations**

Prepare to write the following from memory:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.



FEEDING HER BIRDS

Millet.

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—

Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keep-
ing time.

—BLISS CARMEN.

STUDY 171

Form in Composition

A RECEIPTED BILL

CHICAGO, ILL., May 1, 1907.

MR. HUBERT PAGE,

Bought of Hall & Partridge.

10 lbs. granulated sugar @ 5 cts.	\$.50
4 lbs. Mocha and Java Coffee @ 40 cts.	1.60
2 doz. eggs @ 22 cts.	.44
	—
	\$2.54

Received payment,

HALL & PARTRIDGE,

per FRANK HALL.

Study the above form carefully, then write another bill for groceries and receipt it.

It is ever true that he who does nothing for others does nothing for himself.

—GOETHE.

STUDY 172**Choice of Words**

With aid of a good dictionary, find the difference in the meaning of the words in each of the following groups:

1. Less, fewer.
2. Funny, strange, odd.
3. Middle, center.
4. Healthy, wholesome.
5. Dry, thirsty.
6. Couple, two.

Copy the following sentences using the correct word from each pair:

1. There are (less, fewer) birds than there were.
2. Isn't it (funny, strange) that Henry does not succeed better?
3. A freight train broke in the (center, middle).
4. Do you consider oysters (healthy, wholesome)?
5. There is no water and we are very (dry, thirsty).
6. Please bring me (a couple of, two) stones.
7. Will you take (less, fewer) than nine dollars?

STUDY 173**Completing a Story****GEORGE MASON'S TRIAL**

George Mason is sixteen years old, the only son of a poor widow. He earns six dollars a week, but his

mother takes in sewing, so that ordinarily they live comfortably and make ends meet. For some time, however, the mother has been ill. There is a doctor's bill to pay, the rent is overdue, and they owe the grocer quite a sum.

When George is coming home on Saturday night, with his week's wages in his pocket, and is wondering how they will pay their debts, he finds a purse containing twenty-one dollars.

Using so much of this introduction as you wish, continue the story and complete it.

STUDY 174

Literature and Composition

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,

Hear him call, in his merry note:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Look what a nice new coat is mine;

Sure there was never a bird so fine.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,

Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,

Passing at home a patient life,

Broods in the grass while her husband sings:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Brood, kind creature; you need not fear

Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;

One weak chirp is her only note.

Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,

Pouring boasts from his little throat:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Never was I afraid of man;

Catch me, cowardly knave, if you can!

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,

Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!

There as the mother sits all day,

Robert is singing with all his might:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six white mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten his merry air:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1. How do you know Robert is happy? Why is he merry? What sort of nest is his? What is a brier? What word would you have used for *mead*? What other birds tell their names? Did you ever hear the Bob-o'-link's call? To what time of year does the poem refer? Was he probably in the North or in the South?

2. Describe Robert's dress. What is his crest? Is he still happy? What new thing have you learned about him in the second stanza? What other birds are sometimes vain?

3. Why is his wife called a Quaker? Find all the words in this stanza and the next that describe her. How is she different from Robert? What song does Robert sing to her?

4. Why does the poem say he was "pouring boasts from his throat?" Compare Robert's song with that of his little dame. What shows you that he is still happy? Who is the "cowardly knave?"

5. Describe the eggs. Have you ever seen any? Is this a good description? Tell the stanza in your own words.

6. Is Robert a good father? What does he mean by his "new life?"

7. Describe the change that comes to Robert. What words describe it? What makes him sober? What, silent? How did he lay off his holiday garment? Tell all the things that have been said about the nest. What is another word for "nestlings?"

8. What is a "humdrum crone?" Who says the last four lines? Where did Robert fly?

Memorize the parts of the poem that you enjoy most.

STUDY 175**Form in Composition**

Study the spelling and notice particularly the use of commas. Give rules for the uses of the commas in this extract.

Prepare to write from dictation:

1. The nuthatch, chickadee, and brown creeper each has a little tune of its own.
2. Some of the more friendly birds are the sage-thrasher, the mockingbird, the catbird, the brown-thrasher, the rock wren, the house wren, and the long-billed marsh wren.
3. Our sparrow never flies directly to and from his home as the chippy, wren, and robin.
4. In autumn, the ruffled grouse is a ground-gleaner, a seed-sower, and a weed-warrior.
5. The stake-driver's upper parts are all flecked with brown, black, and tan color of various shades.
6. Now think, children, how many things we have found about this sparrow's head, that are very much like our own,—ears, eyes, nose, mouth, and tongue.

—MABEL OSGODE WRIGHT.

STUDY 176**Letter Writing****FROM A FOREIGN COUNTRY**

Imagine that you are in some foreign country about which you have studied. Write a letter to a friend at home telling of the things you find most interesting.

STUDY 177

Form in Composition

WRITING RECEIPTS

\$10 $\frac{00}{100}$

Milwaukee, Wis.,

Feb. 1, 1907.

Received of William Long ten dollars to balance account.

J. R. Smith.

Study this form, then write three receipts:

1. For rent in full to date.
2. For money paid on account.
3. For wages to date.

STUDY 178

Description of a Dog

BOB

When I first knew Bob, he was at Blinkbonny toll. The tollman and his wife were old and the house lonely, and Bob was too terrific for any burglar. He was as tall and heavy as a foxhound, but in every other respect a pure, old-fashioned, wiry, short-haired Scotch terrier,—red as Rob Roy's beard,—having other qualities of Rob's than his hair,—choleric, unscrupulous, affectionate, staunch,—not in the least magnanimous,—as ready to worry a little dog as a big one. Fighting was his "chief end," and he omitted no opportunity of accomplishing his end. Rab liked

fighting for its own sake, too, but scorned to fight anything under his own weight; indeed, was long suffering to public meanness with quarrelsome dogs. Bob had no such weakness.

After much difficulty and change of masters, I bought him, I am ashamed to say, for five pounds, and brought him home. He had been chained for months, was in high health and spirits, and the surplus power and activity of this great creature, as he dragged me and my son along the road, giving battle to every dog he met, was marvellous.

I very soon found that I could not keep him. He worried the pet dogs all around, and got me into much trouble. So I gave him as night-watchman to a goldsmith in Princess Street. This work he did famously. Once in passing at midnight, I stopped at the shop and peered in at the little slip of glass, and by the gas-light I saw where he lay. I made a noise, when out he came with a roar and a bang as of a sledge-hammer. I then called his name, and in an instant all was still, except a quick tapping within that intimated the wagging of a tail. He is still there,—has settled down into a reputable, pacific citizen,—a good deal owing, perhaps, to the disappearance in battle of sundry of his best teeth. As he lies in the sun before the shop door, he looks somehow like the old Fighting Temeraire.*

—DR. JOHN BROWN.

*Temeraire, a picture of a French warship of 1798, painted by Turner.

1. What do you like about the way in which the author describes this dog?
2. Select the four or five sentences that tell you most about him.
3. Read "Rab and His Friends," by the same author.
4. Perhaps someone in the class can tell about Rob Roy.

Describe in as clear and chatty a way as you can a dog you have known.

STUDY 179

Description

A HOUSE

Describe the house you live in, or a house you know well, so accurately that a stranger could recognize it. Make the description brief.

STUDY 180

Explanation

STREAMS

Prepare to write a short composition on streams using the following as paragraph topics:

1. The use of streams. Whether they water or drain the land through which they flow.
2. How streams differ. Why?
3. The kind of streams best for navigation; for manufacturing.
4. Why there are so many towns and cities along the rivers.

STUDY 181**Art and Composition****IN THE FIELDS**

Study the picture. Why is it called "In the Fields?" What time of the year is represented? In what part of the world do these children live? Why have they come to this particular spot? What is there in the surroundings to interest them and afford them pleasure? What do you see in the distance? How far away?

Imagine you are one of the children, write the story of this trip to the fields.

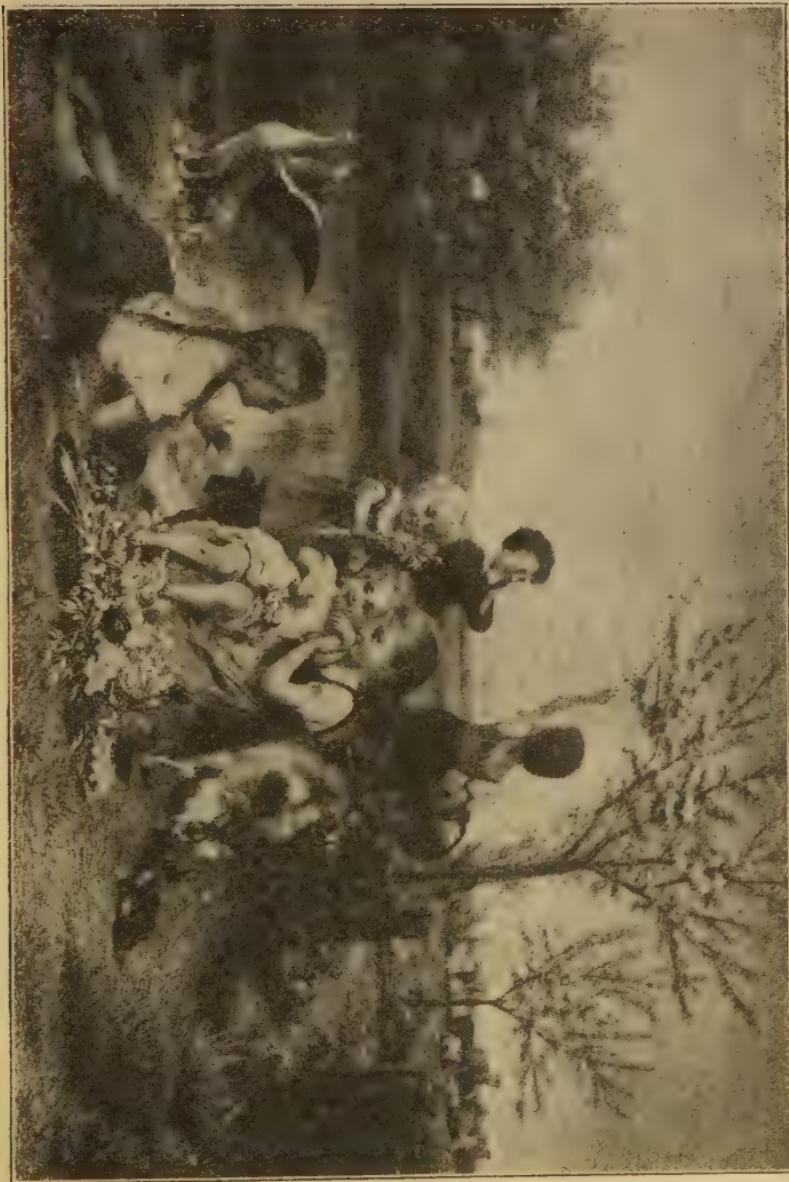
STUDY 182**Literature and Composition****ARMIES IN THE FIRE**

The lamps now glitter down the street;
Faintly sound the falling feet;
And the blue even slowly falls
About the garden trees and walls.

Now in the falling of the gloom
The red fire paints the empty room;
And warmly on the roof it looks,
And flickers on the backs of books.

IN THE FIELDS

Dieffenbach.



Armies march by tower and spire
 Of cities blazing, in the fire;—
 Till as I gaze with staring eyes,
 The armies fade, the luster dies.

Then once again the glow returns;
 Again the phantom city burns;
 And down the red-hot valley, lo!
 The phantom armies marching go!

Blinking embers, tell me true,
 Where are those armies marching to.
 And what the burning city is
 That crumbles in your furnaces?

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

1. What kind of fire is referred to in the poem? Have you ever seen pictures in a fire?
2. Suggest other words for *glitter*, *gloom*, *flickers*, *luster*, *phantom*, *blinking*, *embers*.
3. Make a list of the words in stanza three that really help you to form the picture.
4. Why do you think the writer always sees armies?

Write a story of what you have at some time seen in a fire.

STUDY 183

The Use of Word-forms to Express Time

1. William runs down the hill.
2. The boys see him every day.
3. The women come the long way around.

4. The workmen do the work promptly.
5. Grandfather sits in the large chair.
6. The baby lies on the floor.
7. The cook sets the pitcher on the table.
8. Martha lays the rug before the couch.
9. The tide rises on the shore daily.
10. The brave soldier raises the flag high.
11. Julia writes an interesting letter.
12. The ladies eat slowly.
13. The students sing a hymn each morning.

Rewrite the above sentences changing them to make each tell of past time; as, William ran down the hill.

Rewrite them again, using *have* or *has*; as, William has run down the hill.

STUDY 184

Letter Writing

FROM AN ANIMAL

You may play you are an animal. Write a letter to your master or mistress.

Read again "The Letter from a Cat," Study 6, or read the story of "Black Beauty," or "Beautiful Joe."

STUDY 185

An Original Story

HOW I WOULD USE TEN DOLLARS

Suppose you are given ten dollars to use as you wish, not to keep, write a story telling how you would use it.

STUDY 186

A Humorous Story

THE FARMER AND THE BICYCLE

Some years ago, soon after bicycles began to be freely used, an agent for a Chicago manufacturer called on a farmer in Indiana. He talked fluently of the virtues of the new machine, dwelling upon what a time-saver it was, and withal how fashionable it would be for the farmer to be able to ride down to the village on one of the new-fangled machines whenever he wished.

"Why," said the salesman, "whenever you go to the postoffice, bank, or store, everybody will stop and stare at Farmer Wilson, and pretty soon you'll be the most talked of man in the whole county."

The farmer thought he needed a cow more than a bicycle, but finally agreed to let the agent bring over one of his machines. When the agent returned with the wheel some days later, the farmer took him to a field and showed him a fine Jersey cow.

"That's what I bought with the money I saved up for you," said the farmer. And without waiting for the agent to recover from his surprise, he went on: "I thought that I needed the cow more than I did the bicycle and there she is. Isn't she a beauty?"

When the agent had recovered his breath, he said, "You'll look funny riding that cow to town, won't you?"

"Y-e-s," drawled out the farmer, "but not half so funny as I would trying to milk a bicycle."

1. Consider this story carefully. Where is the part of most interest, the "point" of the story placed? Why should it be where it is?
2. What part of the story, without giving a hint of the "point," really prepares the mind for the witty conclusion?
3. Are there parts of the story that could be just as well omitted? What would be the effect of introducing unnecessary ideas, and making the story much longer?

STUDY 187

A Humorous Story

After you have studied the story of "The Farmer and the Bicycle," prepare to tell or write a humorous story. Observe carefully the following suggestions:

1. Make the introductory part of the story clear.
2. Avoid unnecessary details.
3. Without hinting at the conclusion, try to prepare the mind of the hearer or reader for the "point" of the story.
4. Place the point in the best place.

STUDY 188

Literature and Composition

WINTER'S HERALD*

In the days of chivalry, mail-clad knights armed with shield and spear, rode through the land to defend the right and to punish the wrong. Whenever

*By permission of Ginn & Company.

they were to meet each other in battle at the great tournaments, a herald was first sent to announce the fight and give fair warning to the opponents, that each might be in all things prepared to meet the other, and defend or attack wisely and upon his guard.

So, dear children, you must know that Winter, who is coming, clad in his icy armor, with his spear, the keen north wind, and his sword, the driving sleet, sends before him a herald, that we may not be all unprepared for his approach.

It is an autumn night when this herald comes; all the warm September noons have slipped away, and the red October sunsets are almost gone; still the afternoon light, shining through the two maples, casts a crimson and yellow glow on the white wall of my little room, and on the paths is a delicate carpet of spotted leaves over the brown groundwork.

It is past midnight when the herald is called; and although his knight is so fierce, loud, and blustering, he moves noiselessly forth and carries his warning to all the country round. Through the little birch wood he comes, and whispers a single word to the golden leaves that are hanging so lightly on the slender boughs; one little shiver goes through them, sends them fluttering all to the ground, and the next morning their brown shriveled edges tell a sad story.

Through the birch wood he hurries, and on to the bank of the brook that runs through the long valley;

for the muskrat, who has his home under the shelving bank, must hear the news and make haste to arrange his hole with winter comforts before the brook is frozen. While he crosses the meadow the field mouse and the mole hear his warning and lay their heads together to see what is best to be done. Indeed, the mole, who himself can scarcely see at all, is always of the opinion that two heads are better than one in such cases.

Beyond the brook is farmer Thompson's field of squashes. "I will not hurt you to-night," says the herald as he creeps among them; "only a little nip here and a bite there, that the farmer may see to-morrow morning that it is time to take you into the barn." The turnips stand only on the other side of the fence and cannot fail to know also that the herald has come.

But up in Lucy's flower garden are the heliotropes and fuchsias, tea roses and geraniums,—delicate sensitive things, who cannot bear a cold word,—it must have been really quite terrible what he said there; for before sunrise the beautiful plants hung black and withered, and no care from the mistress, no smiles or kind words, could make them look up again. The ivy had borne it bravely, and only showed on his lower leaves, which lay among the grass, a frosty fringe—where the dew used to hang.

My two maples heard the summons and threw off their gay dresses, which withered and faded as they fell in heaps on the sidewalk. The next morning,

children going to school scuffed ankle-deep among them and laughed with delight. And the maples bravely answered the herald: "Now let him come, your knight of the north wind and the storm and sleet; we have dropped the gay leaves which he might have torn from us. Let him come; we have nothing to lose. His snows will only keep our roots the warmer, and his winds cannot blow away the tiny new buds which we cherish, thickly wrapped from the cold, to make new leaves in the spring." And the elm and the linden and horse-chestnut sent also a like brave answer back by the herald. —JANE ANDREWS.

This is a part of a story from a little book, "Stories of My Four Friends." If possible get the book and read the whole story. In any case, read this part at least two or three times so that you can get into the spirit of it. Then continue the story, writing of how certain animals and persons received the herald, and of the answers they sent back.

STUDY 189

A Business Letter

APPLICATION FOR A POSITION

1002 Hinman Av., Evanston, Ill.,

June 25, 1907.

Mr. George A. Davis,
128 Fifth Av.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Please consider me for the position mentioned in the enclosed advertisement from this morning's Record-Herald.

Though only fourteen and a half years old, I am large and strong for my age, and I have just finished the work of the eighth grade in the Lincoln School. I am willing to work hard if you will give me a trial, because I want to learn a business and learn it well.

Mr. F. W. Nichols, Superintendent of Schools, Evanston, or Mr. Frank Crane, with A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, can tell you of my character and fitness for the position.

If you wish to see me, I shall be glad to come to your office at any time you mention.

Yours truly,

Charles Emerson.

Write a letter to a firm applying for a position. Tell of your age, education, and qualifications for the work. Give your references.

STUDY 190

Literature and Composition

THE SHELL

Read the poem through, then study it carefully sentence by sentence and word by word:

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

What is it? A learned man
 Could give it a clumsy name.
 Let him name it who can,
 The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
 Void of the little living will
 That made it stir on the shore.
 Did he stand at the diamond door
 Of his house in a rainbow frill?
 Did he push when he was uncurl'd,
 A golden foot or a fairy horn
 Through his dim water-world?

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
 Of my finger-nail on the sand!
 Small, but a work divine!
 Frail, but of force to withstand,
 Year upon year, the shock
 Of cataract seas that snap
 The three-decker's oaken spine
 Athwart the ledges of rock,
 Here on the Breton strand!

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

1. Prepare to explain *frail*, *divine*, *fairly*, *spire*, *whorl*,
exquisitely, *miracle*, *design*, *forlorn*, *rainbow frill*, *cataract*,
oaken spine, *athwart*, *ledges*, *strand*.

2. In the last part of the poem, to what do the words
slight, *small*, and *frail* refer?

3. What is the thought of the first part of the poem?
Of the second part?
4. What was the poet's feeling as he gazed upon the shell?
Select some pretty object and describe it.

STUDY 191

Use of Words

Consider these sentences:

Florence has got blue eyes and dark hair.

Florence has blue eyes and dark hair.

Is there any difference in the meaning? What word is misused? What is the meaning of *has* in the second sentence? What is the meaning of *got*?

Similarly consider:

Now, I've got to explain my failure.

Now, I have to explain my failure.

Do these sentences differ in meaning? What word is wrongly used? What is the meaning of *have* in this case? Is there any idea of *getting*, *securing*, in these sentences?

Sometimes *got* is properly used with *has* or *have*; for example,

James went to *get* five books, and I think he *has got* all of them.

By fertilizing, farmers hope to get fifty bushels of wheat per acre; some *have got* nearly that much already.

These examples will be sufficient to show that *got* is often wrongly used with *has* or *have*. It should be remembered that

got always implies an act of securing possession. Notice your own language to see whether you use *has got*, and *have got*, where *has* or *have* alone expresses all you mean.

Write six sentences in which *has* or *have* alone expresses possession or compulsion.

STUDY 192

A Character Sketch

ICHABOD CRANE

In this by-place of nature there abode in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut.

The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat on top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the

genius of famine descending upon earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

From his school the low murmur of his pupil's voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive, interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, by the appalling sound of the birch. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "spare the rod and spoil the child,"—Ichabod Crane's scholars were not spoiled.

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder and though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively, a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labor of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young people in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where in his own mind he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane.

Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard between services on Sundays, gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees;

reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond, while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back envying his superior elegance and address.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it were equally extraordinary. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow.

From the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."—IRVING.

After studying this sketch carefully, write a list of the topics treated in the several paragraphs.

Using all or part of this outline as a suggestive guide, write a description of some odd character you have known. Make the description true, though the emphasis placed on certain features, or characteristics, may overdraw them.

STUDY 193

Literature and Composition

THE MOONBEAM'S CHRISTMAS STORY*

"How strangely you talk!" said the old clock. "Now I'll warrant me that, if you wanted to, you could tell many a pretty and wonderful story. You must know many a Christmas tale; pray tell us one to wear away this night of Christmas watching."

"I know but one," said the moonbeam. "I have told it over and over again, in every land and in every

*From "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," copyright 1889, by Eugene Field; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

home; yet I do not weary of it. It is very simple. Should you like to hear it?"

"Indeed we should," said the old clock; "but before you begin, let me strike twelve; for I shouldn't want to interrupt you."

When the old clock had performed this duty with somewhat more than usual alacrity, the moonbeam began its story:—

"Once upon a time—so long ago that I can't tell you how long it was—I fell upon a hillside. It was in a far-distant country; this I know, because, although it was Christmas time, it was not in that country as it is wont to be in the countries to the north. Hither the snow-king never came; flowers bloomed all the year, and at all times the lambs found pleasant pasturage on the hillsides. The night wind was balmy, and there was a fragrance of cedar in its breath. There were violets on the hillside, and I fell among them and lay there. I kissed them and they awakened. 'Ah, is it you, little moonbeam?' they said, and they nestled in the grass which the lambs had left uncropped.

"A shepherd lay upon a broad stone on the hillside; above him spread an olive-tree, old, ragged, and gloomy; but now it swayed its rusty branches majestically in the shifting air of night. The shepherd's name was Benoni. Wearied with long watching, he had fallen asleep; his crook had slipped from his hand. Upon the hillside too slept the shepherd's flock. I

had counted them again and again; I had stolen across their gentle faces and brought them pleasant dreams of green pastures and of cool brooks. I had kissed old Benoni too as he lay slumbering there; and in his dreams he seemed to see Israel's King come upon earth, and in his dreams he murmured the promised Messiah's name.

"'Ah, is it you, little moonbeam?' quoth the violets. 'You have come in good time. Nestle here with us, and see wonderful things come to pass.'

"'What are these wonderful things of which you speak?' I asked.

"'We heard the old olive-tree telling of them to-night,' said the violets. 'Do not go to sleep, little violets,' said the old olive-tree, 'for this is Christmas night, and the Master shall walk upon the hillside in the glory of the midnight hour.' So we waited and watched; one by one the lambs fell asleep; one by one the stars peeped out; the shepherd nodded and crooned, and crooned and nodded, and at last he too went fast asleep, and his crook slipped from his keeping. Then we called to the old olive-tree yonder, asking how soon the midnight hour would come; but all the old olive-tree answered was 'Presently, presently.'

"'But who is this Master?' I asked.

"'A child, a little child,' they answered. 'He is called the little Master by the others. He comes here often and plays among the flowers of the hillside.'

Sometimes the lambs, gamboling too carelessly, have crushed and bruised us so that we lie bleeding and are like to die; but the little Master heals our wounds and refreshes us once again.'

"I marvelled much to hear these things. 'The midnight hour is at hand,' said I, 'and I will abide with you to see this little Master of whom you speak.' So we nestled among the verdure of the hillside and sang songs one to another.

"'Ho, there, old olive-tree!' cried the violets; 'do you see the little Master coming? Is not the midnight hour at hand?'

"'I can see the town yonder,' said the old olive-tree. 'A star beams bright over Bethlehem, the iron gates swing open, and the little Master comes.'

"Two children came to the hillside. The one, older than his comrade, was Dimas, the son of Benoni. He was rugged and sinewy, and over his brown shoulders was flung a goat-skin; a leathern cap did not confine his long, dark curly hair. The other child was he whom they called the little Master. About his slender form clung raiment white as snow and around his face of heavenly innocence fell curls of golden yellow. So beautiful a child I had not seen before, nor have I ever since seen such as he. And as they came together to the hillside there seemed to glow about the little Master's head a soft white light, as if the moon had sent its tenderest, fairest beams to kiss those golden curls.

“‘What sound was that?’ cried Dimas, for he was exceeding fearful.

“‘Have no fear, Dimas,’ said the little Master. ‘Give me thy hand and I will lead thee.’

“Presently they came to the rock whereon Benoni, the shepherd, lay; and they stood under the old olive-tree, and the old olive-tree swayed no longer in the night wind, but bent its branches reverently in the presence of the little Master. It seemed as if the wind too stayed in its shifting course just then; for suddenly there was a solemn hush, and you could hear no noise, except that in his dreams Benoni spoke the Messiah’s name.

“‘Thy father sleeps,’ said the little Master, ‘and it is well that it is so.’

“Then all at once sweet music filled the air, and light, greater than the light of day, illumined the sky and fell upon all that hillside. The heavens opened and angels, singing joyous songs, walked to the earth. More wondrous still, the stars, falling from their places in the sky, clustered upon the old olive-tree and swung hither and thither like colored lanterns. The flowers of the hillside all awakened, and they too danced and sang. The angels, coming hither, hung gold and silver and jewels and precious stones upon the old olive-tree where swung the stars; so that the glory of that night, though I might live forever, I shall never see again. When Dimas heard and saw

these things he fell upon his knees, and catching the hem of the little Master's garment kissed it.

"'Greater joy than this shall be thine, Dimas,' said the little Master; 'but first must all things be fulfilled.'

"All through that Christmas night did the angels come and go with their sweet anthems; all through that Christmas night did the stars dance and sing; and when it came my time to steal away, the hillside was still beautiful with the glory and the music of heaven."

Here the moonbeam paused.

Ah, little Dear-my-soul, you know—you know whereof the moonbeam spoke. The shepherd's bones are dust, the flocks are scattered, the old olive-tree is gone, the flowers of the hillside are withered, and no one knoweth where the grave of Dimas is made. But last night again there shined a star over Bethlehem, and the angels descended from the sky to earth, and the stars sang together in glory. And the bells—hear them, little Dear-my-soul, how sweetly they are ringing—the bells bear us the good tidings of great joy this Christmas morning, that our Christ is born, and that with Him He bringeth peace on earth and goodwill toward men.

i. Study the description of the hillside until you can imagine you see it. In what country was it? Describe a cedar tree. Find a picture of an olive-tree. What is a shepherd's crook? Who is Israel's King? Tell what you have heard or read of towns with walls and gates.

2. Read the description of the "little Master" until you can see him. The light around his head could be called a halo. Be able also to picture Dimas.

3. What is meant by the "glory of that night?" What did Dimas' kissing the hem of the little Master's garment mean?

"Dear-my-soul" is the one to whom this writer is telling the story—perhaps he means you.

If you like this story, read it again and again, until you can tell it as it is told in the book.

STUDY 194

Form in Composition

PARAGRAPHS AND DIVIDED QUOTATIONS

"Can you tell me," inquired my father, "where 'The Bird's Nest' is?"

"Oh, yes, I'm going there. Indeed, I'm the old Bird himself."

"Tut! who takes care of the nest?" said the lady with a smile.

"And this is the Mother Bird—Mrs. Bird," said the gentleman.

Mrs. Bird bowed to us both, and beckoning to me, pointed to her side. It was an invitation to leave my father, and take a seat with her. I accepted the invitation, and, with the lady's arm around me, we started on.

"Now I'm going to guess," said Mr. Bird. "I guess your name is Arthur Bonnicastle, that the man behind

you is your father; that you are coming to 'The Bird's Nest' to live; that you are intending to be a good boy, and that you are going to be very happy."

"You've guessed right the first time," I responded, laughing.

"And I can always guess when a boy has done right and when he has done wrong," said Mr. Bird. "There's a little spot in his eye—ah, yes! you have it—that tells the whole story," and he looked down pleasantly into my face.

—J. G. HOLLAND.

Study this selection carefully, until you know how to spell all the words, and know just where each mark of punctuation is used. Be sure you understand where each paragraph begins and why. Notice the punctuation when the quotation is divided by other words.

Prepare to write from dictation.

STUDY 195

Art and Composition

THE FRUIT VENDERS

Study this picture carefully. What are the children doing? What have they been doing? Describe the fruit. Study the children's clothes. Look closely at their faces. What do you think about their characters? Which is the older? Why do you think so?

Who painted this picture?

Write a story about these or any other fruit venders.



THE FRUIT VENDERS

Murillo.

STUDY 196

Written Story

Write one of the stories that you like best of all you have read or been told.

STUDY 197

Literature and Composition

TAMPA ROBINS

The robin laughed in the orange-tree:
 "Ho, windy North, a fig for thee:
 While breasts are red and wings are bold
 And green trees wave us globes of gold,
 Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me—
 Sunlight, song, and the orange-tree.

If that I hate wild winter's spite—
 The gibbet trees, the world in white,
 The sky but gray wind over a grave—
 Why should I ache, the season's slave?

I'll sing from the top of the orange-tree
Gramercy, winter's tyranny.

I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
 My wing is king of the summer-time;
 My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
 And I'll call down through the green and gold—
Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,
Bestir thee under the orange-tree."

—SIDNEY LANIER.

1. Where is Tampa? What is the time of year?
2. Why should the robin laugh? Explain *globes of gold*, *time's scythe*. Of what is the robin's bliss composed?
3. What is the meaning of *winter's spite*? *gibbet tree*? *gramercy*? What grave is referred to? What would cause the robin to *ache*?
4. Explain the third stanza line by line.

Memorize the first stanza.

STUDY 198

The Use of Word-forms to Express Time

1. The men did the task.
2. These trains ran on time.
3. The children came by the winding path.
4. The girls sat by the fireside and told stories.
5. Margaret set the stool before the piano.
6. Frank rose to make a speech.
7. The officers raised the standard of promotion.
8. The pupils wrote the story.
9. The party ate their lunch by the lake.
10. The visitors saw the sunset each evening.
11. The cat lay by my side and purred.
12. Mother laid our clean clothes on the bed.
13. Charlie sang the ballad for us.

Rewrite these sentences making each a statement of the present time; as, The men *do* the task.

Rewrite again using *have* or *has* in each sentence; as, The men *have done* the task.

STUDY 199**Letter Writing**

AN ORDER FOR BOOKS

Duluth, Minn., Jan. 10, 1907.

Messrs. Row, Peterson & Co.,

215 Wabash Av., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is a postoffice money order for one dollar and ninety cents (\$1.90), for which please send me, by express prepaid, the following books:

I	Balonglong, the Igorot Boy.....	\$.70
I	Essential Studies in English Grammar..	.60
I	Index to Short Stories.....	.60
<hr/>		
		\$1.90

Yours truly,

John E. Tappan.

Write an order for books you would like to own. Order these from a book store you know about.

Make an itemized bill for the books sent to you.

STUDY 200**Letter Writing**

AN ORDER FOR A MAGAZINE

Write an order for the St. Nicholas Magazine. It is three dollars a year. The address is The Century

Co., Union Square, New York City. State in what form you are sending the money, with what number the subscription is to begin, and to what address you wish the magazine sent.

STUDY 201
Letter Writing
AN INVITATION

A cousin in Europe has intimated his or her desire to visit America sometime in the near future. Your mother has given you permission to write inviting your cousin to spend part of next summer at your home.

Tell of some of the ways in which you will try to make the visit enjoyable, and try to make your cousin feel that the welcome will be most cordial.

STUDY 202
Letter Writing

ACCEPTANCE OF AN INVITATION

Imagine that you are the cousin written to in Study 201. Write a letter accepting the invitation, expressing your thanks, and stating about what time you expect to arrive.

STUDY 203
Explanation

LUMBERING IN THE NORTH WOODS

Lumbering has been, and is still, one of the great industries in the northern part of the United States.

It is carried on mainly in the winter time when the snow is on the ground.

The men who do the cutting go into the woods in the fall and remain there all winter, taking with them horses and sleighs, and a large supply of provisions. They build a large log house, with bunks for their sleeping quarters one above another all along the sides. Another house is known as the "cook shanty," in which the meals for the men are prepared and served. Each gang has a cook with one or more assistants. The bill of fare consists of an abundance of substantial food, such as bread, pork and beans, and potatoes, supplemented with fresh beef and venison, and a good variety of pastries.

Long before daylight in the morning, the men have breakfasted and are off to their work. Each man, or group of men, has a special work to do. First, the "swampers" clear away the underbrush and make roads for the sleighs; then come the choppers and sawyers. In felling a tree a cut is first made with an ax on the side of the tree towards which it is expected to fall. Then on the opposite side a deep cut is made with a long saw, called a cross-cut saw, pulled back and forth by a man at each end, until the trunk is cut through and the forest giant falls with a deafening crash to the ground. The branches are then trimmed away and the trunk sawed up into logs of desired length.

The logs are now ready to be taken to the river or to the spur track of a railroad. Large sledges, drawn by horses or oxen, are employed for this purpose. By sprinkling water on the sleigh track a road of ice is made, which makes it possible for a team of horses to haul a tremendous load. Sometimes a load of logs as high and wide as a large load of hay is thus carried to the stream, or to the railroad. If the logs are taken to a stream, as is generally done, they are dropped upon the ice, or piled upon the bank, to await high water in the spring, which will float them down to the mill.

There are exciting times on the river when the ice and snow thaw and the freshet comes. Fearless, strong men are sent with the logs to pilot them. Each collection of logs is known as a "drive," and it is the duty of the men to see that the logs do not become lodged against the banks and form a "jam." The men wear long, sharp nails in their shoes, so that they may stand on a log or jump from one to another without slipping. In their hands they carry a long pole, fitted at the end with a spike and hook, with which they push and pull the logs in the way they want them to go.

When a jam occurs the logs become wedged in the stream, and are piled one on top of another often to a great height. Some of the logs dive to the bottom of the jam, some leap right out of the water upon the pile, and others stand on end in the stream, until they

are criss-crossed and interlocked in every way imaginable. It would seem like a hopeless task to attempt to loosen the gigantic pile, but the logger knows what to do. He goes to the front of the pile and with his pike loosens the logs forming the key to the jam. Then the mass of logs comes rushing and tumbling down the river.

Choose one of these exercises:

1. Imagine yourself in a lumber camp; write a letter to friends describing what you think would interest them.
2. Describe the breaking of a "jam."
3. Write the history of a piece of lumber, tracing it from the pine tree in the forest to the door of a farmhouse.

STUDY 204

Literature and Composition

THE BELFRY PIGEON

"On the cross-beam under the Old South* bell, the nest of a *pigeon* is builded well. In summer and winter that bird is there, out and in with the morning air; I love to see him *track* the street with his *wary* eye and *active* feet; and I often watch him as he springs circling the steeple with *easy* wings, till across the *dial* his shade has passed, and the belfry edge is gained at last. Whatever is rung on that noisy bell, chime of the hour or funeral *knell*, the dove in the belfry must hear it well; whatever tale in the bell is heard,

*The Old South is a church in the busy part of Boston. It was an important meeting place during the time of the Revolutionary war.

he *broods* on his folded feet unstirred, or, rising half in his rounded nest, he *takes the time* to smooth his breast, then *drops again* with *filmed* eyes, and sleeps as the last *vibration dies.*"

—NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

1. Read this over again and again until you can see the picture.
2. Try to find any words you could omit and not have the picture marred. Notice the value of each word in helping you to form the picture.
3. Copy this poem, arranging it in the usual form.
4. Use other words for those italicized, but do not change the meaning of the sentences.

STUDY 205

Form in Composition

PUNCTUATING AND PARAGRAPHING—A REVIEW

"That horse is laughing all over," said Mr. Bird. "He thinks it is an excellent joke. I presume he will think of it, and laugh again when he gets at his oats."

"Do you really think that horses laugh, Mr. Bird?" I inquired.

"Laugh? Bless you, yes," he replied. "All animals laugh when they are pleased. Gyp"—and he turned his eyes upon the little dog in his lap—"are you happy?"

Gyp looked up into his master's face, and wagged his tail.

"Don't you see 'Yes' in his eye, and a smile in the wag of his tail?" said Mr. Bird. "If I had asked you the same question, you would have answered with your tongue, and smiled with your mouth. That's all the difference. These creatures understand us a great deal better than we understand them. Why, I never drive these horses when I am finely dressed for fear they will be ashamed of their old harness."

FROM "Arthur Bonnicastle" by J. G. HOLLAND.

Notice the paragraphing and punctuation in this extract. In the last paragraph, of what use are the marks about the word *yes*?

Prepare to write from dictation.

STUDY 206

Original Composition

SKETCH OF ROSA BONHEUR

Find all you can that is most interesting about Rosa Bonheur; her early life; how she learned to paint; the work she enjoyed most; some of her best pictures. What pictures in this book were painted by her?

From the best that you find, make a story. Work your story out just as carefully as though it were to be put into a book.



ROSA BONHEUR

STUDY 207**Form in Composition****REPORT OF A CONVERSATION**

Write a conversation you have heard. Use direct quotations, making separate paragraphs of the remarks of each speaker.

STUDY 208**Original Description****A. DRIVE INTO THE COUNTRY**

Of the delights of that drive over the open country, I can give no idea. We climbed long hills; we rode by the side of cool, dashing streams; we paused under the shadow of wayside trees; we caught sight of a thousand forms of frolic life on the fences, in the forests, and in the depths of crystal pools; we saw men at work in the fields, and I wondered if they did not envy us; we met strange people on the roads, who looked at us with curious interest; a black fox dashed across our way, and, giving us a scared look, scampered into the cover and was gone; bobolinks sprang up in the long grass on wings tangled with music, and sailed away and caught on fences to steady themselves; squirrels took long races before us on the roadside rails; and far up through the trees and above the hills white-winged clouds with breasts of downy brown, floated against a sky of deepest blue. Never

again this side of heaven, do I expect to experience such perfect pleasure as I enjoyed that day. I had a delight in all forms and phases of nature, sharpened by the expectations of new companionships and of a strange new life that would open before I should sleep again.

FROM "Arthur Bonnicastle" by J. G. HOLLAND.

Arthur was going away from home for the first time. He and his father were driving across the country to Mr. Bird's school, where Arthur was to remain. He was very glad to attend this school.

Are there any expressions in the selection that you do not understand? Why is there only one paragraph?

Study the extract carefully, then try to write something like it.

STUDY 209

Story Telling

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The life and character of Abraham Lincoln can be largely told in stories about him. There are, in various biographies and sketches of him, numerous stories which show his tender kindness, his fine sense of honor, his determined perseverance, his keen, sound judgment, his simple indifference to display, his deep religious conviction, and many other traits.

Let each member of the class select some characteristic trait of this truly great man, find all the stories he can that show that particular trait, and write or tell them for the class.

STUDY 210**Literature and Composition****THE BOY WASHINGTON**

At the time of Washington's boyhood, there was, as now, in Virginia, great fondness for splendid horses. Lady Washington had a span of iron-grays, very spirited, and very beautiful. With much pride she used to sit at her window and gaze upon the noble creatures feeding upon the lawn, and often gamboling like children at play.

One of these fiery colts, though accustomed to the harness with his mate, had never been broken to the saddle. Some young men, companions of George, one day, in a frolic, endeavored to mount the fiery steed. It could not be done. George, who was then about thirteen years of age, approached, soothed the animal by caresses, and, watching his opportunity, leaped upon his back. The horse, half terrified, half indignant, plunged and reared in the vain attempt to free himself of his rider, and then, with the speed of the winds, dashed over the fields. George, exultant, sat his horse like a centaur, gave him free rein, and, when he flagged, urged him on.

Fearless, ardent, imprudent, he forgot the nervous energy of the noble animal, and was not aware of the injury he was doing until the horse broke a blood vessel, and dropped beneath him. Covered with foam,

and gasping for breath, the poor creature almost immediately died. George was greatly alarmed, and hastened to his mother to tell her what he had done. Her calm and characteristic reply was:

"My son, I forgive you, because you have had the courage to tell me the truth at once. Had you skulked away, I should have despised the cowardly weakness."

Adapted from "Lives of the Presidents."

1. What do you like in the way this story is told?
2. What words help to make the story lively?
3. Is it properly paragraphed? Prepare to give reasons for your answer.
4. Mention the qualities in the boy that are revealed by the story.

Write another story of a young boy that shows some of these same qualities.

STUDY 211

The Use of Word-Forms to Express Time

1. The children run from one end of the lawn to the other.
2. The boys come to school early every day.
3. George sits in the sun each morning.
4. The girls set the chair in the shade.
5. Albert rises at the first bell.
6. The clerks write carefully.
7. Many visitors see the picture daily.
8. Florence and Gertrude do well in school.

9. The whole family eat fruit at breakfast.
10. Kitty lies before the fire-place.
11. The nurse lays the baby on the bed.
12. Arthur raises the question for consideration.
13. The girls sing the chorus beautifully.

Rewrite these sentences, changing each to make it mean time that is past; as, The boys came to school every day.

Rewrite again using *have* or *has* in each sentence; as, The boys *have come* to school every day.

STUDY 212

Literature and Composition

TRAY

A beggar-child

Sat on a quay's edge; like a bird
 Sang to herself at careless play,
 And fell into the stream. "Dismay!
 Help, you the standers-by!" None stirred.

By-standers reason, think of wives
 And children ere they risk their lives.
 Over the balustrade has bounced
 A mere instinctive dog, and pounced
 Plumb on the prize. "How well he dives!"

"Up he comes with the child, see, tight
 In mouth, alive, too, clutched from quite
 A depth of ten feet—twelve, I bet!
 Good dog! What, off again? There's yet
 Another child to save? All right!

“How strange we saw no other fall!
It’s instinct in the animal.
Good dog! But he’s a long while under;
If he were drowned I should not wonder—
Strong current, that against the wall!

“Here he comes, holds in mouth this time—
What may the thing be? Well, that’s prime!
Now, did you ever? Reason reigns
In man alone, since all Tray’s pains
Have fished—the child’s doll from the slime!”

—ROBERT BROWNING.

1. Explain *quay’s edge*, *dismay*, *balustrade*, *instinctive*, *plumb*, *prime*, *reigns*.
2. What sentences, if any, do you not understand?
3. What is unusual about the way in which this story is told? Do you like it? Why?

Write another story you know of a dog saving someone from drowning.

STUDY 213

An Essay

THE LAST BOOK I READ

Write a short essay on the last book you read, or some other book read recently, using the following paragraphs topics:

1. Name of book, author, when read.
2. Kind of book, the characters, what they do, etc.
3. Whether liked, with reason.
4. Compared with any other book.

STUDY 214**Art and Composition****TIRED**

Consider the picture carefully. What relation are the boy and girl to each other? What have they been doing?

Where are they sitting? Why have they stopped? Why does the boy sleep and not the girl?

As you study the picture, what is your feeling toward the girl and boy?

Such a picture should suggest a good story to you. Make an outline of the things the picture tells you, then write the very best story you can.

STUDY 215**Description****TREES**

Observe some of the trees that grow where you live. Select three different kinds; note the size to which they grow; the height at which the branches begin; the direction of the branching, whether the branches are stiff and angular, or more or less gracefully curved toward the ends; the general shape of the whole tree.

Without naming the trees, but with the aid of drawings, try to describe them so that one who knows trees well can recognize each.



TIRED

Perrault.

STUDY 216

Biography

MURILLO



was a mechanic and his income very small.

Our artist's full name was Bartholome Esteban Murillo. We know almost nothing of his early years, except that he was left an orphan before he was eleven, under the guardianship of an uncle. Perhaps we should mention that Murillo early showed an inclination to make pictures by scribbling the margin of his school books with designs that in no wise illustrated the text therein. With this as a guide, his guardian early apprenticed him to Juan del Castillo, another uncle and an artist of some repute. Here he learned

In the beautiful city of Seville, Spain, in the closing days of 1617, Murillo was born. His father and mother were poor people. The house they lived in had formerly belonged to a convent, and it was rented to them for a very small sum, on condition that they keep up the repairs. Even this, Murillo's father found to be a heavy burden. He



THE DIVINE SHEPHERD

Murillo.

to mix colors, to clean brushes, and to draw with great accuracy.

When Murillo was about twenty-two, he was

thrown wholly on his own resources. He painted for the *Feria*, or weekly market. Here all sorts of producers and hucksters gathered with their wares. We can imagine that men of this sort were not very particular about the art objects they purchased. They demanded two things—bright colors and striking figures. Murillo, in common with other struggling artists, turned out great numbers of these little bits of painted canvas.

If there was hardship in this *painting for the Feria*, as people slightly spoke of such work, there was also immense advantages. As he painted he could observe the people who came to buy and the people who came to sell, and, mayhap, that other numerous class in Seville who neither buy nor sell, but beg instead. From this very observation of character must have come largely that skill which is so marked in his pictures of beggar boys, who, with a few coppers, or a melon, or some grapes, are kings of their surroundings. Then the demand for striking figures cultivated a broad style in the artist which added greatly to his later work.

Next Murillo went to Madrid, where Velasquez, his townsman, who was then rich, took the young painter to his own house and procured for him the privilege of copying in the great galleries of the capitol and the Escurial.



MADONNA AND CHILD

Murillo

Later, after his return to Seville, he busied himself with a series of pictures for a small Franciscan convent near by. Although he received no pay, the pictures did him a greater service than money could have

bought—they established his reputation, so that he no longer wanted for such work as he desired.

Among his earliest and best known pictures are those charming studies of the beggar boys and flower girls of Seville. These are some of the names he gives these pictures: “The Melon Eaters,” “The Gamesters,” “The Grape Eaters,” “The Fruit Venders,” “The Flower Girl.”

From the painting of these scenes from real life, he passed gradually to the painting of things purely imaginary—to those visible only to his own mind.

By this time Murillo was wealthy. There is a story told of him which one likes to repeat. He was painting an altar piece for the church in Pilas. While he was working, wrapped in thought of his subject, a lovely woman came into the church to pray. From the canvas, the artist's eye wandered to the worshiper. He was deeply impressed with her beauty and her devotion. Wanting just then an angel to complete his picture, he sketched the face and the form of the unsuspecting lady. By a pleasant coincidence, he afterwards made her the angel of his home,—his good wife. She is often painted as the Virgin in Murillo's great pictures.

Among his famous pictures are his “Immaculate Conception,” “Saint Anthony of Padua,” “Holy

Family," "Moses Striking the Rock," "Elizabeth of Hungary Tending the Sick," and his "Madonnas."

—Adapted from "Biographical Series of Great Artists," by
—JENNIE ELLIS KEYSOR.

What is the meaning of *convent*, *mechanic*, *guardian*, *to be apprenticed*, *huckster*?

What pictures in this book are Murillo's?

What do you like about Murillo's pictures? When you feel well acquainted with them write a sketch of Murillo and his work.

STUDY 217

Choice of Words

Many persons use the wrong word of those in parentheses in such sentences as the following. Find which is right and read it again and again. Be sure you know the meaning of each word.

1. I wish everyone would mind (their, his) own business.
2. It rained; I (expect, suppose) you got wet.
3. Why can't you walk (like, as) I do?
4. We are (almost, most) through with our work.
5. James does not go (without, unless) his father says he may.
6. Mother is feeling (some, somewhat) better to-day.
7. Wait a moment, I am (hunting, searching) for my hat.

8. That is (as far as, all the farther) we have studied.

9. Of course, we felt (rather, kind of) sorry at leaving.

10. You may (let, leave) the papers lie on your desks.

STUDY 218

Description by Suggestion

NIGHT

These sentences tell, by hints or effects, that night is approaching:

1. The trees are casting long shadows towards the east.
2. The birds are going to sleep among the branches.
3. The hens have gone to roost.
4. Father is home after a day of business.

In like manner describe the beginning of a rain storm by hints or effects.

STUDY 219

Description

A VISIT TO A MILL

You have visited a mill or factory. Write an account of what you saw; what was made; how it was made, and anything else of interest.

STUDY 220

Literature and Composition

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
As she dances about the sun.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
I change, but I cannot die. —PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1. Prepare to explain what is meant by each statement in this extract from "The Cloud."
 2. If you think the following words well chosen explain why: *thirsting, light, noonday, shaken, weaken, dances.*
 3. Select other words that you think are aptly used.
 4. Find the whole poem and read it.
 5. Write a story which shows the truth of the last line.
- Memorize the part of the poem given here.

STUDY 221**Description**

MEXICO CITY

The City of Mexico received its name from the war god Mexitli. It is a large and handsome metropolis. The streets of the city are generally broad and straight, lined with two-story houses, and there are also several elegant boulevards and spacious avenues. The better class of houses are built of stone, covered with stucco, the windows opening upon cozy little balconies handsomely ornamented and shaded by linen awnings, often in high colors. The open areas about which the houses are built often present most pleasing effects by a display of fountains, flowers, and statuary tastefully arranged. Upon these areas which are open to the sky, the inner doors and windows of the dwelling open, the second story being furnished with a walk and balustrade running around the patio. Heavy, nail-studded doors shut this court from the street at night.

The roofs are nearly all flat and without chimneys; there is no provision for heating dwelling houses. This is quite endurable even to foreigners in a climate where the temperature seldom falls below sixty degrees, and averages the year round nearly ten degrees higher. It is always warm in the middle of the day and cool only early in the morning and at night. The climate may be said to be temperate and the atmosphere exceedingly dry. Travelers are likely to

suffer considerably from thirst and the lips are prone to chap, owing to this extreme and peculiar dryness. The warmest months of the year are April and May. As to elevation, this city is over 7,000 feet higher than the city of Washington, D. C., or more than a thousand feet higher than the summit of Mt. Washington.

Numerous large squares, besides the broad plaza, ornament the capital. Several of the main thoroughfares enter and depart from the plaza. Some are broad, some are narrow, but all are paved, cleanly and straight. The street car system is excellent. The cars are generally run double, having a first and second class car both of which are seemingly well filled at all hours of the day. Funerals are conducted by turning one of the street cars, made for the purpose, into a hearse, another being reserved for the pall-bearers and mourners. Sometimes one sees a long string of these cars occupied for this purpose gliding into the suburbs where the graveyards are located. The fact that all the tramway cars start from and return to the Plaza Major (large plaza) in front of the cathedral makes it easy for a stranger to find his way. The Plaza Major in every Mexican city is not only the central part, but also the central idea. There could scarcely be a full-fledged Spanish city without a plaza. The famous cathedral of Mexico with its tall, twin towers and graceful dome is built of unhewn stone and fronts

upon this square. Ninety years did not suffice to complete it, and several millions of dollars were expended.

One never wearies of sitting on the well-arranged benches of the paseo in the afternoon and watching the motley throng of people, driving, riding on horseback or promenading; the ladies with piercing black eyes and glossy dark hair shrouded by lace mantillas; the dashing equestrians exhibiting all the gay dress of a Mexican horseman; stately vehicles drawn by two snow-white mules; tally-ho coaches carrying merry parties of American and English people; while here and there a mounted policeman in fancy uniform moves slowly by. In the line of pedestrians are well-dressed gentlemen in black broadcloth suits, wearing silk hats, mingled with whom are the more common class of the people in picturesque, national costumes. The women of the middle class add gaiety of color by their red and blue rebosas (a long scarf), sometimes partly covering the head, at other times thrown carelessly over the shoulders or tied across the chest securing an infant to the back.

—Adapted from "Aztec Land," by M. M. BALLOU.

1. What is the meaning of *metropolis*, *boulevard*, *balustrade*, *prone*, *tramway*, *suburb*, *dome*, *unhewn*, *plaza*, *equestrian*, *pedestrians*, *spacious avenues*, *cathedral*, *mantillas*, *motley*?

2. Give the topic of each paragraph.

When you have read and thought about the city of Mexico until you feel well acquainted with it, write a letter to some friend describing the city as though you were there.

STUDY 222

Character Sketch

MASTER SIMON

The mirth of the company was greatly promoted by the humors of an odd personage whom Mr. Bracebridge always addressed with the quaint name of Master Simon. He was a tight, brisk little man, with the air of a notorious old bachelor. His nose was shaped like the bill of a parrot; his face slightly pitted with smallpox, with a dry perpetual bloom on it, like a frost-bitten leaf in autumn. He had an eye of great quickness and vivacity, with a drollery and lurking waggery of expression that was irresistible.

He was evidently the wit of the family, dealing very much in sly jokes with the ladies, and making infinite merriment by harpings upon old themes; which, unfortunately, my ignorance of the family history did not permit me to enjoy. It seemed to be his great delight, during supper, to keep a young girl next him in continual agony of stifled laughter, in spite of her awe of the reproving looks of her mother, who sat opposite.

Indeed, he was the idol of the younger part of the company, who laughed at everything he said or did, and at every turn of his countenance. I could not wonder at it, for he must have been a miracle of accomplishments in their eyes. He could imitate Punch and Judy; make an old woman of his hand, with the

assistance of a burnt cork and pocket-handkerchief; and cut an orange into such funny shapes that the young folks were ready to die laughing.

(Adapted.)

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

1. Read the selection carefully, using a dictionary for the words you do not understand.
2. Make a list of the words that aid you most in forming your notion of this character.

Think of the person you know who is most like Master Simon, then describe him as fully and vividly as you can. Follow this model, devoting one paragraph to his personal appearance, and one or more to some of the peculiar things he does.

STUDY 223

Literature and Composition

THE YELLOW VIOLET

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of spring
First plant thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk,
But midst the gorgeous bloom of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortune tried.

I copied them—but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1. What words does the poet use in this poem to suggest color in the flower and its surroundings? Which words call attention to the form and fragrance of the flowers?

2. Explain *beechen*, *resume*, *parent sun*, *inapt*, *loftier*,
gorgeous, *copied*, *genial*.
3. When are we most likely to notice the violet? When
to ignore it? Why? What lesson does the poet draw from
this?

Memorize the two stanzas you like best.

Write an account of a trip to the woods in spring.

STUDY 224

The Use of Word-Forms to Express Time

1. The guards saw them through the window.
2. The boys did the work for us.
3. The baby lay quiet all night.
4. Sarah laid the shawl on the chair.
5. The bakers raised the prices.
6. The children wrote their own letters.
7. Those boys ran rapidly.
8. The girls came across the lawn.
9. The old man sat by the fire.
10. The captain set us a good example.
11. The queen rose quickly.
12. Dora ate the apple.
13. The boys sang the chant.

Rewrite these sentences changing each so as to refer to present time; as, The guards *see* them through the window.

Rewrite again, using *have* or *has*; as, The guards *have seen* them through the window.

STUDY 225

Biography

MILLET AND THE CHILDREN



There still stands in the little village of Barbizon, near Paris, a low peasant's cottage, which from 1849 to 1875 was the home of the French artist, Jean Francois Millet.

At the end of the garden was his studio. Here he painted day by day, after mornings spent in digging, sowing, or reap-

ing. In the late afternoons he wandered among the gnarled oaks, gray granite boulders, and heathery hillocks of the Fontainebleau forest, sometimes alone, sometimes with artist friends, but oftener with children, who were always his favorite companions.

Then they returned to the cottage through beautiful forest glades, and after the simple evening meal came the children's hour. There sat Father Millet, his soft dark eyes shining with merriment, his brave, kindly face all smiles for the grandchildren and the others who, unreproved, pulled his full black beard or climbed

upon his knees to rumple his dark hair. Sometimes he sang jovial old French songs praising the life of the laborer among the vines.

But best of all, the children liked Father Millet's pictures; and so, when the lamp was lit and placed beside the group on a table in the low cottage room, Millet drew for the children rude sketches.

If an old newspaper and a match were at hand, Millet asked for nothing more. He dipped the match in an inkstand, made a few quick strokes on the margin of the newspaper, and there was a peasant or a horse and rider to be recognized at once. They were very hasty sketches, these little outlines dashed off after dinner with ink or pencil upon odd scraps of paper, and yet they show at least one of the qualities which made Millet so great an artist. Every attitude, movement and gesture is truthful, although expressed by a few lines.

Millet is known in this country as a painter of peasants, although he painted other figures and landscapes, marine views and fruit pieces. In his paintings of peasants, which are sometimes seen in our exhibitions, there are the same truth of action, the genuineness, and the simplicity which show even in his little drawings. His figures are really doing just what the artist intended to represent, for Millet sympathized with and understood his subjects. He was a peasant himself.

'All his life he cherished the memory of the good grandmother, who cared for him during his first years, she who came to his bedside in the morning, saying, "Wake up, my little Francois; you don't know how long the birds have already been singing the glory of God!"' Sometimes his father, a gentle, pure-minded peasant, who loved music and the beautiful things in nature, would try to model a little figure in clay for his son, as Millet often did in after years at Barbizon for his child-friends. Or the father would take the boy Millet out into the fields, saying of the grass, "See how fine!" or "Look at that tree, how large and beautiful! It is as beautiful as a flower!" There was a great-uncle, a good priest, dearly loved by Millet, who taught the children to read, or cheerfully labored in the fields. All around Gruchy, the home of his childhood, were pastures and plowed fields where the peasants drove their cows and sheep, or sowed and reaped. Beyond the village were cliffs, and the sea where ships were sometimes driven ashore, and where the villagers gathered seaweed after storms. Such were Millet's surroundings when a child, and they must have been fresh in his mind when at Barbizon he drew these figures of Gruchy peasants.

Often Millet took a boy whom he loved to see the paintings at the Salon, or the Louvre in Paris. If a landscape satisfied him, he tried to make his young

companion understand why it was beautiful; for example, how one could feel that there was air in the scene, how there was such a sense of atmosphere that it seemed as if one could go around behind the trees.

Millet often said, "There must be atmosphere and texture in a picture. A stone must be harder than a tree trunk, and a tree trunk harder than water." Whether the air is hot or cold, you must feel that there is distance between the figures and the sky above. The water may be of any color but it must be liquid, and you must feel that if you slap it, it will move."

In another talk, Millet spoke of difficulties in art, saying that one thing was as difficult as another. "To paint a glass placed upon a table so that you feel that one can be taken away from the other is just as difficult as anything else," he asserted.

One evening he came upon an old country cart with a loose wheel which made a noise, "poum, poum," as the cart rolled on. He stopped and listened, and presently said that he should like to paint a picture which would make those who saw it feel that sound coming through the twilight. It seems a contradiction to speak of a sound in a picture, but in Millet's greatest painting, "The Angelus," we see a slender spire outlined against the sunset light, two reverent figures in the foreground, and we feel at once that at the sound of the distant church bell the peasants have bowed their heads in evening prayer.

He always looked upon peasants as the happiest people in the world, since they were "doing God's work," and living out-of-doors among beautiful scenery; and he tried to represent them so.

Much trouble fell to his lot. People were slow to recognize his greatness as an artist. He knew what it was to want food and fire. However, he was not only courageous, but cheerful and jovial—"the most charming of companions," says one of his friends.

(Adapted)—RIPLEY HITCHCOCK.

Write an account of the parts of Millet's life about which you most like to read.

STUDY 226
Literature and Composition
TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy steps dost thou pursue,
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the splashy brink
Of reedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart,
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1. Read the whole poem carefully, then begin to study it in detail.
2. What bird had the poet in mind? What was the time of year? The time of day?

3. Explain "vainly the fowler's eye might mark thy distant flight," "plashy brink," "chafed ocean side," "desert and illimitable air," "the abyss of heaven hath swallowed up thy form," "He who, from zone to zone, guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight."

4. What is the main thought of the poem?

Find all you can about the migrations of wild waterfowl, and write a report of what you learn.

STUDY 227

Letter Writing

THE CIRCUS

A circus is coming, or has been in town. Write a letter to a friend telling about it. Illustrate your letter if you wish. Make an outline of the topics of your letter before beginning to write.

STUDY 228

The Use of Words

SYNONYMS

After studying carefully the meaning of each of the words in the following groups, write sentences that show the distinctions:

1. Hope, expect, and anticipate.
2. Healthy, healthful, and wholesome.
3. Mad, annoyed, angry, and aggravated.
4. Lovely, beautiful, handsome, amiable, and charming.
5. Splendid, excellent, grand.

STUDY 229

Biography

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



came of a family distinguished as inventors and engineers. Mariners, who sailed the stormy and rock-bound seas of Scotland, have reason to be grateful to the Stevensons; for the grandfather, father, and uncle of Robert Louis, designed and superintended the erection of the lighthouses that now beam on many of the most fearful groups and headlands of the coast. Robert himself was intended by his parents to be an engineer, to pursue the family calling; but he was not that sort of a boy; he could not learn by rote what

If there is any boy who has not yet read "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped" he may be pitied in one sense and envied in another; for though he has lost much, he has much to gain,—he has joys before him which others have already known.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh in 1850, and he

other boys learned; he was delicate, dreamy, unpractical—a reader, but not a scholar.

To say that he was idle is less true than to say that he revolted against discipline and ordinary lessons, though we find him frequently bewailing his own indolence. He was odd in dress and odd in manner.

Without thirsting for academic honors, he took his degree at the University, and in obedience to his father's wishes joined the Scottish bar. For some time "R. L. Stevenson, Advocate," was on the door-plate of 17 Heriot Row, Edinburgh; but he never practiced law. He had no more inclination toward law than towards engineering; he loved the skies; he loved the moor; he loved to observe his fellowmen; there was everything in him to show to anybody, who could understand, that he was born for literature and saturated with literature.

An idler? When his teachers reproached him, and his parents had misgivings, he was quietly cultivating the art on which his mind was set. He writes: "All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a penny version book would be in my hands, to note down the features of the sea, or to commemorate

some halting stanza. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too), as I had vowed that I would learn to write. Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down myself and ape that quality. I was unsuccessful and I knew it, and tried again, and was again unsuccessful! but at least, in these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction and the co-ordination of parts."

Robert Louis Stevenson fought with ill health most of his life and died on one of the Samoa Islands, December 3, 1894. He was busy to the last, brave to the last, gay to the last. Of his personality we may say that he resembled in many ways his hero Alan Breck Stewart; and like him he might have cried—“O man; am I no a bonny fighter?”

—WM. A. RIDEING.

What stories or poems of Robert Louis Stevenson have you read? Why do you like his stories? How did he learn to write? Read carefully this account of him, and afterwards write the part that interests you most.

Our doubts our traitors are
That make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

—SHAKESPEARE.

STUDY 230

Literature and Composition

CONSIDER

Consider

The lilies of the field, whose bloom is brief—

We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider

The sparrows of the air, of small account;

Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount—
He guards us too.

Consider

The lilies, that do neither spin nor toil,

Yet are most fair—
What profits all this care,
And all this coil?

Consider

The birds, that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;

God gives them food—
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

1. Give the thought of each stanza; then the central thought of the whole poem.

2. In what sense does the poet use *account*, *mount*, *profits*, *coil*, *harvest-weeks*?
3. Why do you think *consider* is placed alone at the beginning of each stanza?

Memorize the poem.

STUDY 231

Revising a Composition

HOW WE MADE OUR RED DYE

Our room is studying about the Pilgrims, and we thought we would like to do some of the things they did. The Pilgrims used to spin their own yarn and color it with dye they made themselves from berries, bark, or shucks of nuts. We decided to color some yarn with poke berry dye, and use it to make some of our Christmas presents with.

Part of us went with Miss Davis to get poke berries. We went out past the Forest Home Cemetery and got about twelve quarts of them.

We borrowed four dishpans of Miss Ward. We got linoleum from the high school to put on the table and floor so that the berry stain would not get on them. The janitor let us *take* the gas stove. Our table we got from the kindergarten. We had to work in the girls' bicycle room because the stove did not *work* in the kindergarten. Charles Bates went down town *after* the alum we were to use to set the color. Mr. Clark let us have cheese-cloth to strain the *berries* through.

We picked the berries off the stems. We put enough water on them to cover them. Miss Davis had two girls stay down *there* to watch them so that they would not burn. We let them boil until the juice was all out of the berries. Then we strained *them* through the cheese-cloth. Next we put in three or four pieces of alum to make the color fast.

We let the dye boil and strained it *again*. We tied the white yarn so that it wouldn't tangle, and wet it so that it would not *be* streaked. Then we put one skein into the dye and let it boil about ten minutes. We rinsed it until all the color was out that would come out. This skein was rose colored. Then we put in the rest of the yarn. We had too much yarn and it scorched a little. This made the yarn salmon color. After we rinsed it we hung it on the bicycle hooks to dry. Next morning the children wound it into soft balls by *winding* it over their fingers.

This report was written by a group of children in the early part of the fifth school year. In many respects it is an excellent report, but it is given here in the hope that classes of older pupils will find both pleasure and profit in testing their power to revise and improve it.

General Suggestions:

1. Read the report and make notes of everything you think might be improved. Consider the following:
 - (a) Is the division into paragraphs and sentences good?

- (b) Is there variety in the form and length of the sentences, or is there an unpleasant similarity in sentences that come close together?
- (c) Is the meaning of each sentence clear?
- (d) Are the words well chosen? In what cases, if any, would you wish to change them?
- (e) Are there any words that might as well be omitted?

Special Suggestions:

2. What criticism, if any, have you on the words in italics? What would you suggest in the place of each?
3. How many times is a certain word used at or near the beginning of a sentence? Is this repetition objectionable? How can it be avoided?

Rewrite the whole report improving it in every way you can.

STUDY 232

Explanation

A PROCESS

Consider carefully some process you know well. Make an outline of the steps in the process; then write as full and clear an explanation of the various steps as you can.

Suggested topics:

1. Making a kite, a bird house, a boat, or a windmill.
2. How to make soup, biscuit, candy, or maple sugar.
3. Printing or binding a book.
4. Some factory process with which you are familiar.

STUDY 233**Description**

CAIRO

Here, then, without definite plans or outfit, behold we arrived in Cairo on the 29th of November.

In order thoroughly to enjoy an overwhelming first impression of Oriental out-of-doors life, one should begin in Cairo with a day in the native bazaars. Every shop-front, every street corner, every turbaned group is a ready-made picture. The old Turk who sets up his cake stall in the recess of a sculptured doorway; the donkey-boy with his gaily caparisoned ass, waiting for customers; the veiled woman filling her water jar at the public fountain—all look as if they had been put there especially to be painted.

Nor is the background less picturesque than the figures. The houses are high and narrow. The upper stories project; and from these again jut windows of delicate, turned lattice-work in old brown wood, like big bird cages. The street is roofed in overhead with long rafters and pieces of matting, through which a dusty sunbeam struggles here and there, casting patches of light upon the moving crowd. The unpaved thoroughfare—a mere narrow lane, full of ruts and watered profusely twice or thrice a day—is lined with little wooden shop-fronts, like open cabinets full of shelves, where the merchants sit cross-legged in the midst of their goods, looking out at the

passers-by and smoking in silence. Meanwhile the crowd ebbs and flows unceasingly—a noisy, changing, restless, many-colored tide, half European, half Oriental, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages.

Now a water carrier goes by, bending under the weight of his newly replenished goatskin, the legs of which being tied up, the neck fitted with a brass cock, and the hair left on, looks horribly bloated and life-like. Now passes an Egyptian lady on a large grey donkey led by a servant with a showy sabre at his side. The lady wears a rose-colored silk dress and white veil, besides a black silk outer garment, which, being cloak, hood, and veil all in one, fills out with the wind as she rides like a balloon. She sits astride, her naked feet, in their violet velvet slippers, just resting on the stirrups. She takes care to display a plump brown arm laden with massive gold bracelets.

Most amusing of all, however, are those bazaars in which each trade occupies its separate quarter. You pass through an old stone gateway or down a narrow turning, and find yourself amid a colony of saddlers stitching, hammering, punching, riveting. You walk up one alley and down another between shop fronts hung with tasseled head gear and hump-backed saddles of all qualities and colors.

Another turn or two and you are in the slipper bazaar, walking down avenues of red and yellow morocco slippers. Here are slippers with pointed toes,

and toes as round and flat as horseshoes; walking slippers with thick soles, and soft yellow slippers, with no soles at all, to be worn as inside socks.

In the Khan Khaleel, the place of the gold and silver smiths' bazaar, there is found, on the contrary, scarcely any display of goods for sale. The alleys are so narrow in this part that two persons can with difficulty walk abreast in them; and the shops, tinier than ever, are mere cupboards with about three feet of frontage. The back of each cupboard is fitted with tiers of little drawers and pigeon-holes, and in front is a kind of matted stone step, which serves for seat and counter. The customer sits on the edge of this step; the merchant squats, cross-legged, inside. In this position he can, without rising, take out drawer after drawer; and thus the space between the two becomes piled with gold and silver ornaments.

There are many other special bazaars in Cairo, as the Sweet-meat Bazaar, the Tobacco Bazaar, the Sword-mounters' and Copper-smiths' Bazaars, the Moorish Bazaar, etc.

But the bazaars, however picturesque, are far from being the only sights of Cairo. There are mosques in plenty, churches, museums, and within driving distance ancient tombs, the Pyramids, and the Sphinx.

Adapted from "A Thousand Miles up the Nile" by
AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

1. On the map find Cairo. Notice its position regarding the sea and the Nile.

2. What is a *bazaar*? a *turban*? What does *oriental* mean? How can a donkey be *gaily caparisoned*? What is a *mosque*? Why do you think the writer felt that all these people looked like pictures? Can you shut your eyes and imagine the houses with the upper stories projecting, and windows like big bird cages?

3. What is the width of the streets? Do you think there is a place for wagons and horses, and two places for people to walk in these streets? How do you suppose camels, donkeys, and people pass? What are the shop-fronts likened to?

4. Describe the skin used for carrying water. Why does it say it looks *horribly life-like*? How do the Egyptian women wear their veils?

5. How does this writer make her description lively, interesting, and clear? Describe the slipper bazaar. Describe the bazaars where gold and silver things can be bought.

6. Using what you have read, write a letter to some friend in this country as though you were in Cairo and were telling the friend of the things you were seeing. Make an outline before you write.

After you have studied this description of Cairo carefully, try to describe a street fair, a county fair, or something of the kind you have visited.

STUDY 234

Literature and Composition

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

It was the season, when through all the land

The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lonely lyrics,¹ written by His hand,

Whom Saxon Caedmon² calls the Blithe-heart King;

¹A lyric is a poem, or song, expressing emotion.

²Caedmon, an early Saxon poet.

When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
“Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!”

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra³-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful
words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied blackmail upon the garden beds

³Cassandra was a maiden to whom Apollo gave the power of prophecy.

And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
 The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
 The skeleton that waited at their feast,
 Wherby their sinful pleasure was increased.

These⁴ came together in the new townhall,
 With sundry farmers from the region round.
 The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
 His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
 Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
 Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
 But enemies enough, who everyone
 Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

1. Explain *merle*, *mavis*, *lyric*, *vanguard*, *fluttering*, *signals*, *piping loud*, *chirped*, *jocund*, *fabulous*, *thrifty*, *prognosticating*, *marauders*, *sundry*.
2. Why do *His* and *Blithe-heart* begin with capital letters? In what sense were these songs written by His hand? What is the mention of sparrows in Holy Writ?
3. State in your own way what is said of the crows.
4. Explain "in lieu of pay." Were the birds entitled to pay? How was the term *blackmail* first used? In what sense did the birds levy blackmail?
5. Describe the squire as you imagine him.
6. What was the feeling of the people toward the birds?

⁴*These* refers to the squire, the parson, the preceptor, and the deacon, described in a part of the poem omitted.

STUDY 235

Literature and Composition

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH—CONTINUED

When they had ended, from his place apart
 Rose the Preceptor,¹ to redress the wrong.
“You put to death, by means of a Committee,
 The ballad-singers and the troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
 The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

“The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
 From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
 Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
 Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
 That dwell in nests and have the gift of song.

“You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
 Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
 Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
 Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
 Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

¹The Preceptor was the principal teacher of the academy.

“Do you ne’er think what wonderous beings these?
 Do you ne’er think who made them, and who taught
 The dialect they speak, where melodies
 Alone are the interpreters of thought?
 Whose household words are songs in many keys,
 Sweeter than the instrument of man e’er caught!
 Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
 Are half-way houses on the way to heaven!

“Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
 The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
 How jubilant the happy birds renew
 Their old madrigals² of love!
 And when you think of this, remember too
 ’Tis always morning somewhere, and above
 The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
 Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
 Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
 As in an idiot’s brain remembered words
 Hang empty ’mid the cobwebs of his dreams!

“You call them thieves and pillagers; but know,
 They are the winged wardens of your farms,
 Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
 And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;

²A madrigal is a song of tenderness or love.

Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

“How can I teach your children gentleness!”

1. Explain *ballad-singers*, *troubadours*, *carols*, *weevil*, *dialect*, *interpreters*, *half-way houses*, *pillagers*, *insidious*, *havoc*.
2. Show the appropriateness of *noisy*, *jargoning*, *flooding*, *random*, *jubilant*, *wardens*, *man-at-arms*.
3. Examine the preceptor’s argument. Make a list of the different “points” he makes. To what extent do you agree with him? Can you add other points? What was his feeling towards the birds?
4. What stanza in this part do you like best? Why?

STUDY 236

Literature and Composition

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH—CONTINUED

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beaves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

And so the dreadful massacre began;

O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.

Dead fell the birds with blood stains on their breasts
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,

While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,

The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;

The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed

Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds

Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made

The land a desert without leaf or shade.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few

Confessed their error and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do

When it is raining, is to let it rain.

Then they repealed the law, although they knew

It would not call the dead to life again;

As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,

Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,

A sight that never yet by bard was sung,

As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

1. How was the preceptor's speech received? Why?
2. Explain *fine-spun sentiment, massacre, fusillade, famine, myriads, repealed, accusing, anxious quest, canticles, satires, averred.*
3. What birds did the people decide should be destroyed?
4. Explain the reference to *St. Bartholomew.*
5. Tell in your own way the results of killing all the birds. How did the farmers feel about it?
6. How did the people show their feeling toward the birds the following spring?

Select at least two stanzas which you like in the poem and memorize them.

Find all you can about how birds are useful to farmers, fruitgrowers, and gardeners, and write the best argument you can for the protection of birds.

STUDY 237**Writing a Report****A COAL MINE**

Find in your home or school library, or the public library, pictures of coal mines, and read an account of a mine. Find out from what mines most of the coal used in your town comes. Report to the class what you have learned in this way.

STUDY 238**Writing a Report****PETROLEUM**

Follow the suggestions regarding coal mines, Study 237, taking the topic "Petroleum."

STUDY 239**Literature and Composition****THE BOBOLINK**

Yes, he sings now; but it is only for a short time. Next month he will be dumb, and before you know it his beautiful shining black coat, with the white and buff trimmings, will have dropped off. Then he will be changed to dull brown like his wife, and keep as quiet as poor Cinderella sitting in the ashes.

Their nests are hidden in that long grass, and their mates also. Whoever would find them must

have the patience of an Indian, the eyes of a bird, and the cunning of a fox.

Mrs. Bobolink finds a little hollow in the ground where the roots grow, and rounds up a nest from the grass stalks with finer grass tops inside. Then she so arranges the weeds and stems above her home that there is no track of a break in the meadow; and when she leaves the nest she never goes boldly out by the front door or bangs it behind her, but steals off through a by-path in the grass. When she flies out of shelter at last, she has already run a good way off, so that, instead of telling the watcher where her home is, she tells him exactly where it is not.

Bob earns his living these days by singing and going to market for the family, but he does both in a tearing hurry, for his house-keeping, like his honeymoon, is short. He must lead his children out of the grass before the mowers overtake him or the summer days grow short; for then he will have to spend some time at the tailor's before he can follow the warm weather down South again.

Twice a year Bob has to make the most complete change of plumage that falls to the lot of any bird. His summer toilet is so tiresome and discouraging that he retires into the thickest reeds to make it. Out he comes in August, leaving his lovely voice behind with his cast-off clothes, dressed like his wife, with hardly a word to say for himself, as he joins the flock into which various families have united. He

even loses his name, and is called the *reed bird*, after his hiding place. He grows reckless and says to his brothers, "What do we care? If we can't sing any more, we can eat—let us eat and be merry still!" So they eat all they can and wax exceedingly fat; the gunners know this and come after them.

Meanwhile, in southern lowlands the rice-fields, that have been hoed and flooded with water all the season to make the grain grow, are covered with tall stalks of rice, the grains of which are not quite ripe, but soft and milky like green corn.

Some morning there is a great commotion in the plantation. "The ricebirds have come" is the cry—this being only another name for the bobolink.

Out fly the field-hands, men, women, and children, waving sticks, blowing horns, and firing off guns to frighten the invaders away. Fires are lighted by night to scare them, for the birds travel both by night and day. The bobolinks do not stop for all the noise, though of course, a great many are shot, ending their lives inside a pot-pie, or being roasted in rows of six on a skewer. But the rest fly on when they are ready, leaving the United States behind them, and going through Florida to Brazil and the West Indies.

In the spring, on the northward journey, the rice-fields suffer again. The males are jolly minstrels once more, all black, white and buff, hurrying home to their nesting grounds. They think that rice newly

sown and sprouting is good for the voice, and stop to gobble it up in spite of all objections.

"Ha! ha! ha! I must have my fun Miss Silver-thimble, thimble, thimble, if I break every heart in the meadow. See! see! see!" is one translation of their song.

—MABEL OSGODE WRIGHT.

Tell what you know about the bobolinks with reference to:

1. Their dress at different seasons.
2. Their home-making in the north.
3. Their migration north and south.
4. Their singing.

STUDY 240

Writing a Report

A BIRD STORY

Write about birds you have observed:

1. When they came.
2. Building the nest.
3. Care of the little ones.
4. Teaching the young ones to fly.
5. When they went away.

STUDY 241

Reproduction

A HUMOROUS STORY

Take a day or two to look up the best humorous story you can find. Read it until you make it your own; then write it in your own way. See Study 186.

STUDY 242**Description****COMPARISON AND CONTRAST**

Consider a pear and an orange, noting in what respects they are alike, and in what respects they differ. Observe some such outline as:

1. Form, size, color, odor, taste.
2. Skin, pulp, juice, seeds, core.
3. Uses.
4. Keeping qualities.
5. Where and how grown.

For variety, or from personal preference, some pupils might take other subjects; as, a dog and a cat; a bee and a butterfly, a bluebird and a sparrow.

STUDY 243**Writing a Report****EXPERIENCE WITH A GARDEN**

You have made a flower garden or a vegetable garden. Write a report upon it, using some such outline as:

1. How I came to make a garden.
2. The kind and size of the garden.
3. The preparation and planting.
4. Care of the garden.
5. Results.

STUDY 244

Literature and Composition

A COACH RIDE

Tom and his father had alighted at the Peacock Inn at about seven in the evening and had had supper. Later the Squire observing Tom's sleepy state, and remembering that it was nearly nine o'clock and that the tally-ho left at three, sent the little fellow off to the chambermaid, with a shake of the hand, (Tom having stipulated in the morning before starting that kissing should now cease between them), and a few parting words.

"And now, Tom, my boy," said the Squire, "remember you are going, at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear with all your troubles before you—earlier than we should have sent you perhaps. If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many black-guard things done, and hear a deal of foul, bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

The allusion to his mother made Tom feel rather chokey, and he would have liked to have hugged his father well, if it hadn't been for the recent stipulation. As it was, he only squeezed his father's hand, and looked bravely up and said, "I'll try, father."

"I know you will, my boy. Well then, good night. God bless you! I'll tell Boots to call you and be up to see you off."

His father's words were Tom's first thoughts as he tumbled out of bed at the summons of Boots, and proceeded rapidly to wash and dress himself. At ten minutes to three he was down in the coffee-room; and there he found his father nursing a bright fire; a cup of hot coffee and a hard biscuit on the table.

"Now then, Tom, give us your things here, and drink this; there's nothing like starting warm, old fellow."

Tom addressed himself to the coffee. Just as he is swallowing his last mouthful, winding his comforter round his throat, and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, the horn sounds, Boots looks in and says, "Tally-ho, sir;" and they hear the ring and the rattle of the four fast trotters and the town-made drag, as it dashes up to the Peacock.

"Anything for us, Bob?" says the burly guard, dropping down from behind, and slapping himself across the chest.

"Young gen'l'm'n, Rugby; three parcels, Leicester; hamper o'game, Rugby," answers Ostler.

"Tell young *gent* to look alive," says guard, opening the hind-boot and shooting in the parcels after examining them by the lamps. "Here, shove the portmanteau up a-top—I'll fasten him presently. Now then, sir, jump up behind."

"Good-bye, father,—my love at home." A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hat-box and holding on with one hand, while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. Toot, toot, toot! The ostlers let go their heads, the four bays plunge at the collar, and away goes the Tally-ho into the darkness, forty-five seconds from the time they pulled up; Ostler, Boots, and the Squire stand looking after them under the Peacock lamp.

No joke for those who minded cold, was a dark ride on the top of a fast Tally-ho in November, I can tell you, in a tight coat, and your feet dangling six inches from the floor. Then you knew what cold was, and what it was to be without legs, for not a bit of feeling had you in them after the first half hour. But it had its pleasures, the old dark ride. First there was the consciousness of silent endurance, so dear to every Englishman,—of standing out against something, and not giving in. Then there was the music of the rattling harness, and the ring of the horses' feet on the hard road, and the glare of the two bright lamps through the steaming hoar frost, over the leaders' ears, into the darkness; and the cheery toot of the guard's horn, to warn some drowsy pikeman or the ostler at the next change; and the looking forward to daylight—and last, but not least, the delight of returning sensation to your toes.

Then the break of dawn and the sunrise; where can they be seen in perfection but from a coach roof?

The Tally-ho is past St. Alban's, and Tom is enjoying the ride, though half-frozen. The darkness has driven him inwards, and he has gone over his little past life, and thought of all his doings and promises, and of his mother and sister, and his father's last words; and has made fifty good resolutions, and means to bear himself like a brave Brown as he is, though a young one. Then he has been forward into the mysterious boy-future, speculating as to what sort of place Rugby is, and what they do there, and calling up all the stories of public schools which he has heard from big boys in the holidays. He is chock-full of hope and life, notwithstanding the cold, and kicks his heels against the backboard, and would like to sing, only he doesn't know how his friend the silent guard might take it.

And now the dawn breaks at the end of the fourth stage, and the coach pulls up at a little road-side inn with huge stables behind. The coachman catches his whip into a double thong and throws it to the ostler; the steam of the horses rises straight up into the air. The guard rolls off behind. "Now, sir," says he to Tom, "you just jump down."

Tom finds a difficulty in jumping, or instead, in finding the top of the wheel with his feet; so the guard picks him off the coach-top and sets him on his legs, and they stump off into the inn and join the coachman and the other outside passengers.

“Time’s up.” They are out again and up; the horses dash off in a canter. Toot-toot-tootle-too goes the horn, and away they are again.

“Twenty minutes here, gentlemen,” says the coachman as they pull up at half-past seven at the inn door. It is a well-known sporting-house and the breakfasts are famous.

“Now, sir, please,” says the coachman; all the passengers are up; the guard is locking the hind boot. “Let ‘em go, Dick!” The ostlers fly back and away we go through the market place and down the High street, looking in at the first-floor windows, and seeing several worthy burgesses shaving thereat.

They passed several more parties of boys, all of them objects of the deepest interest to Tom, and came in sight of the town at ten minutes before twelve. Tom fetched a long breath, and thought he had never spent a more pleasant day. Before he went to bed he had quite settled that it must be the greatest day he should ever spend, and didn’t alter his opinion for many a long year—if he has yet.

(ADAPTED)

—THOMAS HUGHES.

This selection is taken from *Tom Brown’s School Days*. Rugby is a famous boys’ school in England. Many of the hotels, or *inns*, in England have such names as the “Peacock Inn,” or the “Black Swan Inn,” or the “Red Horse Inn.” Often there is a large lamp hanging from an iron bracket over the doorway. The porter at the inn is called “Boots.”

The coaches are drawn by four horses and driven by a burly coachman often wearing a bright red coat. These coaches are high, with seats across, and are commonly mounted by a sort of step-ladder.

"First-floor windows" here means what we commonly call second floor windows.

Explain what is meant by *hind boot, portmanteau, hoar frost, stage, double thong*.

Why were these boys of such deep interest to Tom? Why was the day so pleasant? What do you like about the way this story is told?

Imagine you are Tom and write or tell of the ride, his experiences, feelings, and thoughts.

STUDY 245

Literature and Composition

THE THROSTLE

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it;
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly;
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unhidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Study and memorize.

Memory Quotation

THOUGHT

You never can tell what a thought can do
In bringing you hate or love,
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe;
Each thing creates its kind,
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out of your mind.

—ANONYMOUS.

THE USES OF CAPITAL LETTERS

Capital letters should be used:

1. At the beginning of every sentence, of every line of poetry, and of all direct quotations.

- (a) Our next friend was a shepherd dog.
- (b) How do you like to go up in a swing
Up in the air so blue?

Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

- (c) Robin Hood said, "Give me my bow."

2. To begin all names of persons, or places, including words referring to the Deity.

- (a) George Washington.
- (b) New York.
- (c) Creator, Jehovah.

3. To begin the names of the days of the week, and of the months of the year.

- (a) Monday.
- (b) September.

4. For the word "I."

"When I am a man, I shall make just such things too."

5. To begin a title attached to a person's name, and for all initials.

- (a) Oliver Wendell Holmes, Esquire.
- (b) Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D.
- (c) O. W. Holmes.

6. To begin every important word in the title of a person, book, poem, story, newspaper, and the like.

- (a) The President of the United States.
- (b) Wild Animals I Have Known.
- (c) The Pied Piper of Hamelin.
- (d) The Nurnberg Stove.
- (e) The Youth's Companion.

SOME SIMPLE RULES IN PUNCTUATION

1. The period is used in two ways:

- (a) To show the end of a complete statement or of a command.
Shylock, the Jew, lived at Venice.
- (b) After an initial letter or any abbreviation of a word.
H. W. Longfellow.
Mon. Feb. adj.

2. The question mark (?) should be placed after every question.

"What seek ye?" quoth the good man.

3. The exclamation mark should follow an exclamatory word, phrase, or sentence.

- (a) O beautiful!
- (b) To horse! To horse!
- (c) For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

4. The comma is most commonly used after the name of a person addressed; after each word or phrase, except the last, in a series; and after words introducing a short direct quotation.

- (a) Arthur, you may bring the book.

- (b) Washed, combed, groomed, petted, and luxuriously stabled, the Holstein cows of Holland can envy no animal the world over.
- (c) Toby was a strong, coarse dog; coarse in shape, in countenance, in hair and in manners.
- (d) And the Lord said, "Let there be light."

5. The apostrophe is used:

- (a) In contractions to denote the omission of one or more letters.
Can't. B'l'd'g.
- (b) With "s" to indicate ownership. When the name of the owner ends in "s" it is usual to add only the apostrophe.
Mary's.
Mr. Jones' book.

6. The hyphen has two uses:

- (a) To separate the parts of words compounded but not made one word.
Twenty-five, text-book.
- (b) At the end of a line where one or more syllables of a word have to be placed at the beginning of the next line.

The ascent of Vesuvius is no mean under-taking.

7. The semi-colon is used between sentences already divided by commas; between sentences not closely connected; or where the joining word is omitted.

If I ever met you, it must have been long, long ago; but, to be frank, I do not recall your face.

The men work in the fields; the women in factories; the children grow up like Topsy.

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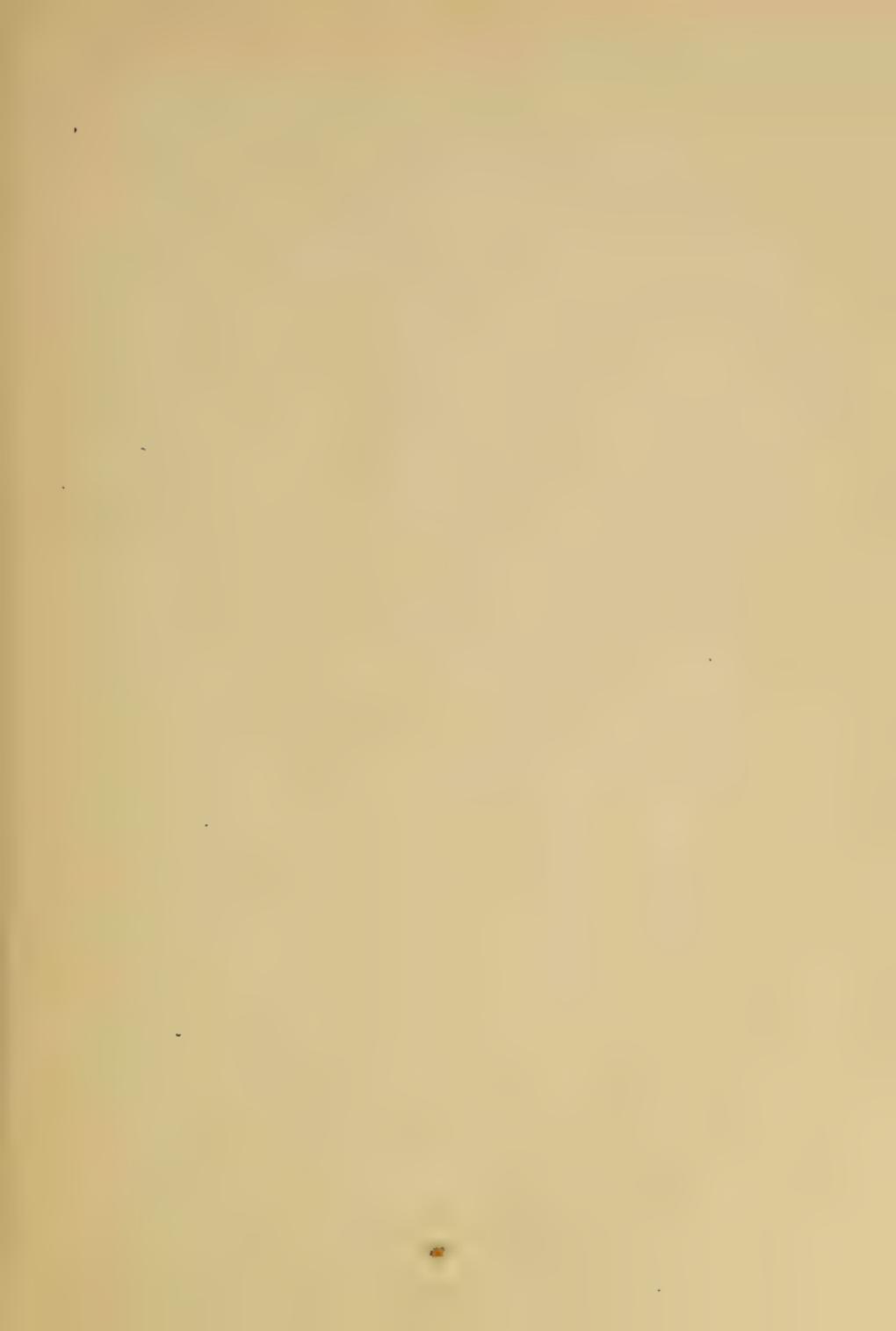
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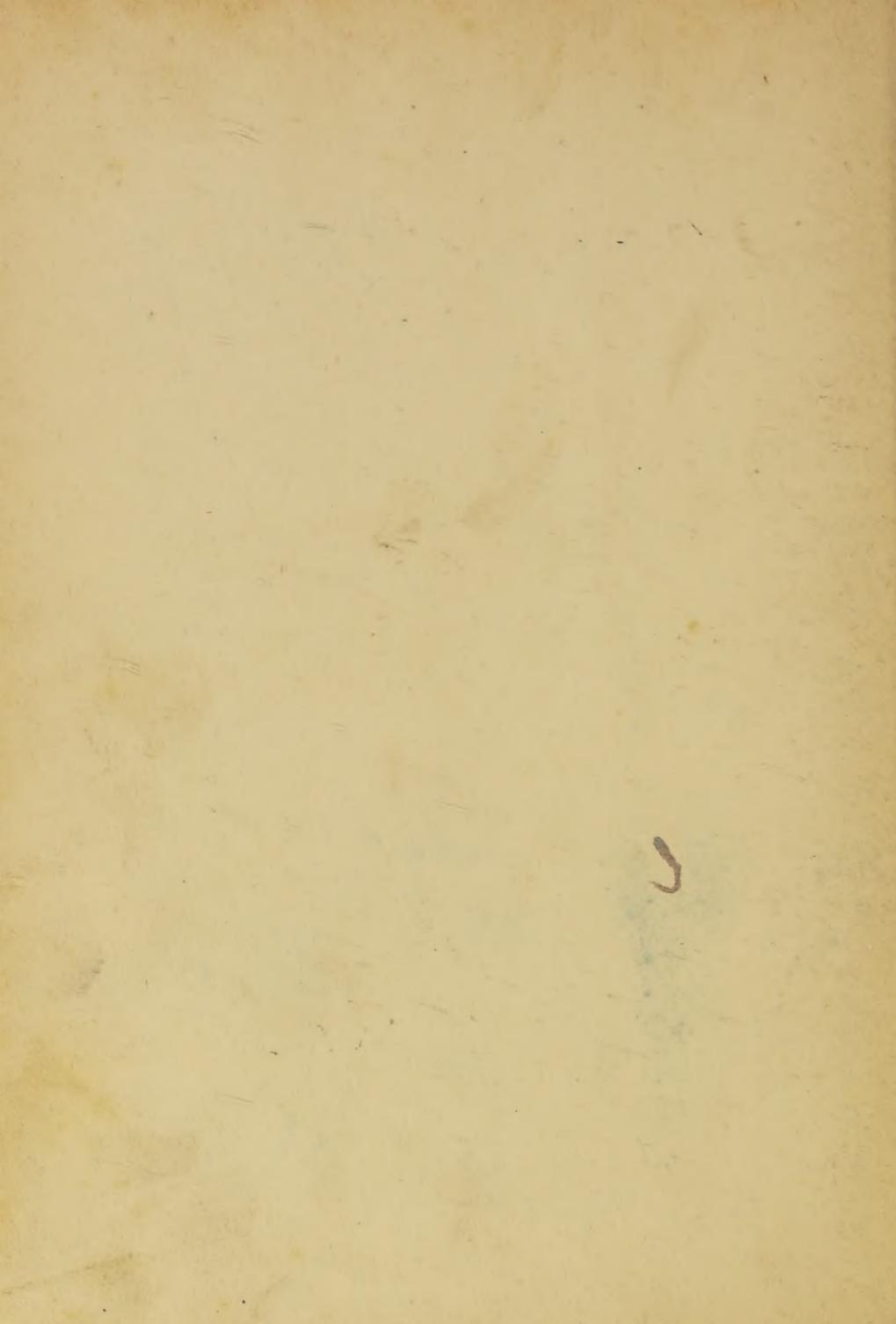
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